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300 GOLD MEDALS &c.

N[illegible] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 24, 1901. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"THE 'SALT' OF SALTS"
Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN SAYS:
"I have used your ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT on a patient who is troubled, with many besides myself, with chronic Constipation. I am more than pleased with the result; I feel sure that if it were more liberally used

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"Abbey's" is a Tonic as well as an Aperient.

It is a Diuretic as well as an Aperient, and is most beneficial in all Kidney troubles.

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If you feel "seedy," or "out of sorts," a teaspoonful of Abbey's Salt in a half tumbler of water will put you right at once.

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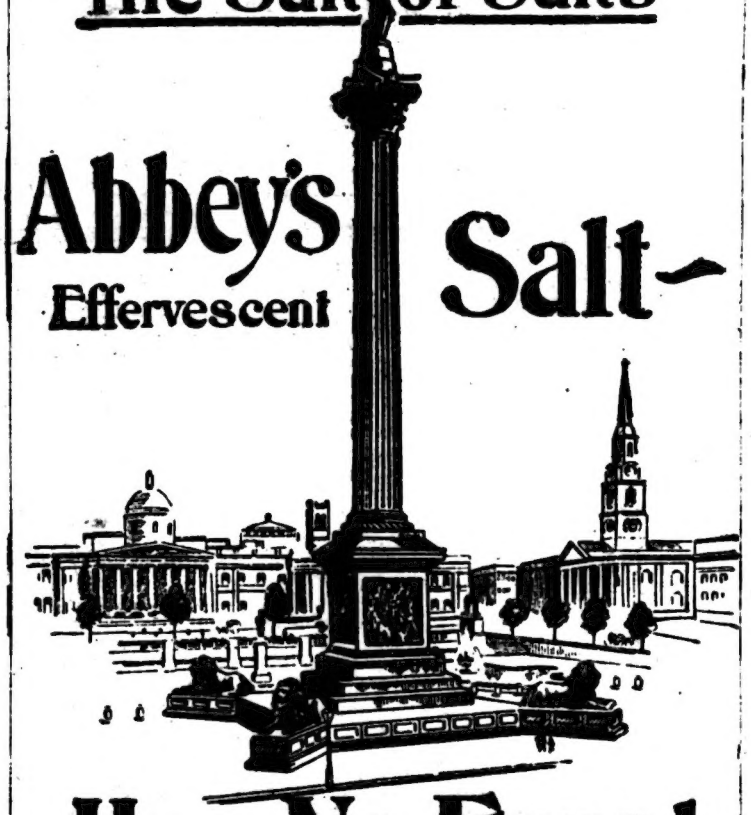
ABBEY'S.—"The 'Salt' of Salts" among Saline!

"The 'Salt' of Salts"

Abbey's Effervescent Salt—



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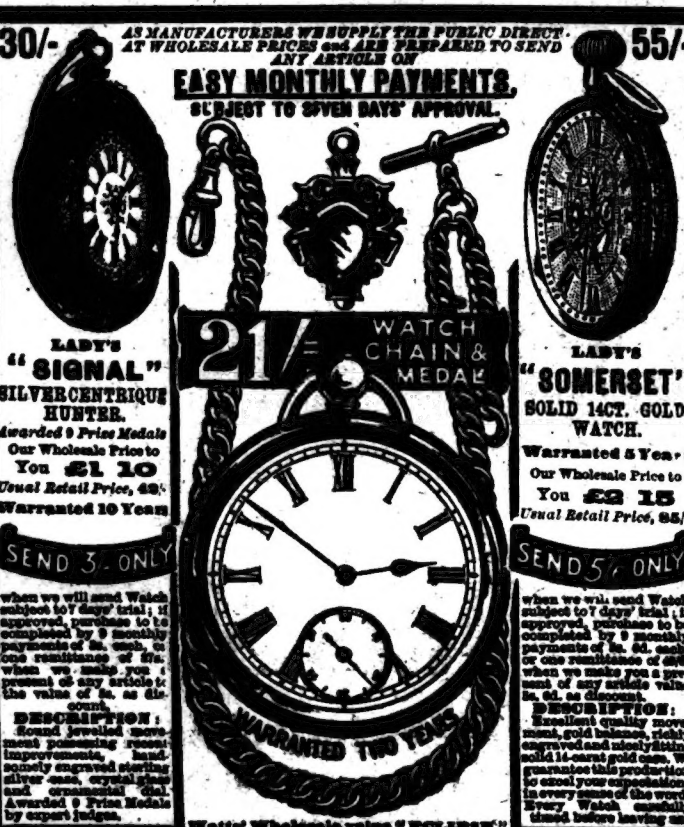

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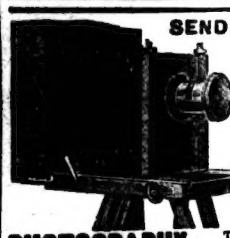
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Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, Oct. 17th, 1901, until midnight, Friday, Oct. 25th, 1901. For full particulars see page 256.

No. 588.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 24, 1901 ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

MILES OF JOB LOT BOOKS.

ONE of the most curious sights in London is that provided by the cellars and store-rooms of certain of the great circulating library firms, who have literally miles—nearly twenty miles in one case—of shelves of once more or less fashionable books that may be bought now for a few coppers apiece.

To show how uncertain is the fate of any book that may be issued, it may be said that in a vast number of cases there are often in these catacombs hundreds of copies of one book, the latter less than three years ago having been read by thousands of people, though absolutely a drug in the market now.

In a very great number of instances, too, the books, now offered at a few coppers—published at one pound twelve shillings and sixpence, originally—have never been issued by the library or read by a single being, though written by a supposedly noted author.

The libraries throughout the country, from second down to twentieth rate, having been supplied from these many miles of shelves, millions of novels issued during the last few years remain, and tons of them are periodically carted off to the paper makers, to reappear again then as bright, virgin sheets, and very likely to revisit once again the literary dead-house of one of the libraries. Sometimes, however, these catacombs yield treasures.

An author, hitherto unrecognised, writes a book that goes with a swing, and that brings him fame at once, and then people discover that many unread stories by him are mouldering in library cellars.

HIPPS: "I do admire a man who says the right thing at the right time."

Phipps: "So do I—particularly when I'm thirsty."

"THIS," said the dear girl, as she led the way into a secluded nook in the conservatory, "is what papa calls his 'match-box.' Everybody comes in here to propose."

"YOU have reached a great age, John," said the parish minister to one of his members, a venerable old gardener.

"'Deed, ha'e I, sir; for gin I leeve till the eleventh o' next month, I'll be an octogeranium."

THEY BOTH WOBBLED.

UNLESS a cyclist is a "scorcher" there is no need, generally speaking, to make any effort to avoid him. He will look out for the collisions.

A lady was crossing the street when she saw a bicycle-rider coming towards her. She stopped, then dodged backward, and as he had swerved in order to pass behind her there was a collision, and both had a fall, but neither was much damaged.

"If you hadn't wobbled, sir," she said angrily, as he assisted her to rise, "this wouldn't have happened!"

"Neither would it have happened, madam," he replied, "if you hadn't wobbled, or if you had wobbled in a contrary direction from my wobble. It was our concurrent synchronous wobbling, so to speak, that caused it."

Then the cyclist, a professor, doffed his cap, mounted his machine, and rode on.

WHEN a man raises his hat to a lady and discovers that she is a stranger, it requires considerable self-possession and skill to make believe he is only smoothing down his hair.

"I'M sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She's so good about singing to baby and keeping him quiet."

"Yes," was the calm reply "but I would rather hear the baby cry."

"THIS is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer proudly. "Good work, isn't it?"

"Not bad," replied the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make."

"Oh! are you in this line, too?"

"No. We make gunpowder."

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RICH AND POOR.

O little one, sunny and smiling,
Whose life is in pathways sweet,
With toys for your heart's beguiling
And flowers at your dimpling feet,
Remember the little ones weary,
With lips unkissed by joy,
In the city dark and dreary,
Who never have known a toy!

O little one, fretting and frowning,
When your tiny world goes wrong,
With tears your bright eyes drowning,
And spoiling your happy song,
Remember the little ones wistful,
Whose sky is so rarely blue,
In the city grey and tristful,
Where seldom the sun peeps through!

O little one, winsome whose face is,
To whom all the world is fair,
Whose pinafore trimmed with lace is,
With dresses of silk to wear,
Remember those loveless others,
Though cares their sad lives fill,
They are all your sisters and brothers
In the sight of the Angels still!

SOCKS V. DRINKS.

THEY were teetotallers. Still, the desire to show each other hospitality was none the less present in them.

"Here," said Jones, "is a hosier's. Will you take something with me?"

"Thanks, don't mind if I do," answered Brown. "Mine's a pair of socks."

He took them with evident relish, then said to Jones:

"Now, then, it's my turn. What will you have with me?"

"Nothing just now, thanks. But I'll be delighted to have a shirt with you next time we meet. Good-bye."

ROUGH ON BAD COMICS.

MUSIC-HALL audiences in Burnley, as well as in one or two other neighbouring manufacturing towns, have their own peculiar and exceedingly effective method of showing their disapproval of a poor or unpopular artist. The cheaper parts of the halls thereabout are fitted with a kind of form-like seat without a back. Should a "turn" not come up to expectations, first one of the audience, and then another, will reverse his position, so that his back "faces" the stage.

An unusually persevering or extraordinarily bad comedian has gone on singing until practically the entire pit is sitting looking towards the rear of the house; but as a general rule, the situation is accepted with more or less alacrity and good grace, and the unlucky performer walks off the boards—never to return.

In Bradford such a thing as hissing or "guying" a bad turn is unknown. Instead, the members of the audience hold newspapers ostentatiously before their faces, and pretend to be immersed in their contents. In Dublin, again, the gallery boys greet anyone to whose "business" they object with the significant cry of "Change the number;" while Glasgow's catch-phrase, under similar circumstances, is "Hurry up." In this latter connection it is told of a young and very green comedian, that, being greeted with the ominous phrase, he did his best to obey, dancing and singing with ever-increasing zest and energy, and congratulating himself meanwhile on the tempest of ironical cheers which greeted his efforts.

"How did I go, guv'nor?" he cried delightedly, as he came off panting, addressing the manager.

"Go!" exclaimed that worthy in tones of deepest disgust; "you go on Saturday." And he did.

THIS MAN DEFIED QUEEN VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA had, as a matter of fact, the greatest objection to smoking, and would not allow a smoking-room in any of the Royal Palaces until comparatively recently. On one occasion, after being hospitably received at Windsor Castle, Bishop Phillips Brooks was shown to his room, and soon proceeded to light his accustomed cigar.

Presently the smoke reached the nostrils of a custodian somewhere not far away, who came to the door and asked the guest not to smoke, as it was forbidden. Bishop Brooks went into the corridor, and continued smoking there. The custodian again begged him to desist.

The Bishop went back to his room and out upon the balcony, and resumed his cigar, thinking that he was now in the open air.

Again the custodian came, this time passing through the Bishop's room, and said:

"Smoking is not permitted, sir, in any part of Windsor Castle."

Once more he disappeared, and Brooks, who gave up a cigar with great reluctance when he had once lighted it, returned to his room.

A happy thought occurred to him. There was an open fireplace in his room. The Bishop lay down on his back on the floor, put his head up into the chimney, and began to smoke there. This time he was undisturbed. Before, the smell of the cigar had betrayed him; now the smoke went up the chimney—which is what chimneys are for.

The cigar was finished in peace.

FRANK: "What! You going to propose to Miss Heartburn? Why, you're the last man in the world she'll engage herself to."

Harry: "I hope so, old fellow."

HE (trying to play a trump card): "As I passed your house last evening, I thought I heard an angel sing."

She (stiffly): "I was at the theatre last evening. Mrs. Mulhooly and her twins were at our house visiting the cook."

A BIG SWELL.

OF Sir William Harcourt the story is told that on one occasion when at the seaside he visited a man-of-war lying off the Hampshire coast. After dinner, the weather proving rather rough, the captain (an unusually small and dapper man) suggested that Sir William should sleep on board, and thoughtfully surrendered his own berth. Next morning, at the early hour when the captain usually rose, the latter's sailor servant, who knew nothing of the change of berths, brought a cup of coffee to the cabin door, and knocked once or twice without receiving an answer. Somewhat alarmed, the servant popped in his head and asked, "Don't you want your coffee this morning, sir?"

The only reply was in the nature of a growl, and the terrified sailor beheld a gigantic figure turning over under the bed-clothes. Dropping the cup of coffee, the faithful servant rushed to the ship's surgeon, exclaiming, "For heaven's sake, sir, come to the captain at once. He's speechless, and swollen to ten times his natural size!"

SEEN YOUR PHOTO IN SHORT STORIES?

IF not, you should assure yourself of the fact that you are not throwing away a chance of making £5. For this is the amount which will be sent to you if your portrait appears in that paper, and you tell us of it.

Every week five portraits appear, and £5 will be given to each of the five people, provided that they write and tell the Editor within the time allotted. Do not wait until it is too late. Ascertain this for yourself without delay. If it is a fact that your photograph has appeared, all you have to do is to drop a postcard to the Editor, and he will send you £5 in return.

We don't want an accident to happen to you, but it is wisest to take precaution. (See last page.)

Dr. ERRIGAL'S PATIENT.

By P. J. A. Murphy.

It was the day before the Derby, and in the private office of Roland Arde, the well-known stockbroker, two gentlemen were seated. One of them, a young man of singularly distinguished appearance with that breadth of forehead and contemplative expression which evidence the thinker, was the famous specialist in cancer, Dr. Errigal. The other, his direct antitype in external characteristics, was the stockbroker himself. He was middle-aged, with cold, sinister eyes, and a heaviness of jaw which bespoke the predominant will.

"How I otained my facts, doesn't matter, Doctor. Let it suffice that I have them," the latter was saying, watching narrowly the face of his visitor. "You have a private patient in your house at present who came up from the country some time ago to consult you professionally. You found he was suffering from a mysterious malady which you could not diagnose to your satisfaction, and, acting on your suggestion, the patient remained under special treatment in your own house since then. The disease has now developed itself, the patient's heart is threatened, and with the utmost reluctance you are forced to resort to the operating knife at a most unpromising stage of the malady. Please correct me if I am wrong."

"You are quite right, Mr. Arde, though I fail to perceive what is the object of this preamble," was the cold reply. "It was with considerable hesitation I left my patient to grant you this interview, and I trust you will not abuse my courtesy by a needless waste of time."

"By continuing my remarks I can best reassure you on that score," said Arde, with a fleeting smile. "This patient of yours, who is none other than the well-known sporting baronet Sir Sylvester Holland, has desired you to perform the operation to-morrow, and you have consented, knowing that delay will not minimise the risk, rather accentuate it. Now, Doctor, would you tell me what you think are the odds against the operation being successful?"

"Sir, the life or death of a patient is not a matter for a wager."

"Then I shall repeat your own words uttered in the hearing of my informant. The odds are a hundred to one against."

The stockbroker paused, but beyond an ominous contraction of the forehead the other made no sign.

"Let us say, then, that Sir Sylvester Holland will not survive this operation, or if he does that it will be merely a matter of ten or twelve hours of cataleptic existence before the end comes. I am quoting your own words again. Taking this for granted, I will now tell you my object in requesting this interview. It is this: That Sir Sylvester's death be announced by you to-morrow morning as having taken place from the effects of the operation, whether the patient is dead or alive at the time."

Dr. Errigal stared at the speaker in blank amazement. "You must be mad. You surely cannot mean what you say?" he murmured.

"The reason why I ask you to do this, Dr. Errigal, I will first mention; the reason why you will do it will come afterwards. As you know, the 'blue riband of the Turf' will be run for to-morrow. I have a horse who will be amongst the starters; he is an outsider, his name El Dorado. If he wins he will be El Dorado to me in more than one sense, for I stand to make a fortune on him—or lose the remnants of one. He should win on his merits, but it is far from improbable that the favourite, Reigning Monarch, may outstrip him, and it is to avert the consequences of this catastrophe that Sir Sylvester must be a dead man before the race comes off."

"Allowing my curiosity to prevail for a moment, might I ask what has the death of Sir Sylvester Holland to do with the awarding of the stakes?"

"He is the nominator of the favourite, and his death before the race will disqualify the latter. Barring Reigning Monarch, the race is a gift for El Dorado, and that is the raison d'etre of my scheme. Should it pan out all right half the takings are yours."

"A very pretty scheme indeed. It is not impossible from the way matters stand that your wish shall be gratified, but as to why you should trouble to make a proposal to me, which can have but one reply, is still a mystery."

"The profits do not tempt you, then. Well, I must say I did not anchor my hopes to the chance that they would. I have another argument which may prove more effectual, and which I will put shortly before you. Some ten years ago a country gentleman of small means, who was a client of a certain London stockbroker, sent his son to the city to study medicine. The young gentleman was no exception to the traditional medical student, and by dint of reckless living and extravagance landed himself in difficulties, out of which the readiest exit seemed by means of a forged cheque. The victim of forgery, appropriately enough, happened to be the aforesaid stockbroker, who, on the facts coming to light, and taking into consideration a father's grey hairs and the possibility of blighting a promising professional career, generously forbore to invoke legal retribution. The stockbroker, however, was a far-seeing man, and perceiving that the cheque in question might prove a valuable asset at some future date, he carefully preserved it in all its incriminating brevity. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the promising professional career was more than realised in the famous specialist of to-day whom I have now the honour of addressing." Arde bowed with sardonic courtesy, while Dr. Errigal's head sank to his chest and his lips quivered painfully. After a pause, he looked up and said, in a strained voice:

"I can offer you a fair sum for this slip of paper. Name your price. I will barter anything but my professional honour."

"I have already indicated my terms. To-morrow evening's papers with the announcement of Sir Sylvester's death at the time mentioned will obtain for you the cheque by a special messenger."

"And if he should survive?—I shall exercise my utmost skill to save him, be the consequences what they may!" Dr. Errigal's face was white and set, and a shade of anxiety crept into Arde's eyes.

"The chance is infinitesimal. Is it not so?"

The other nodded.

"Then we will not consider it. I will not detain you further, Doctor. I have a good deal at stake in this matter, and you must not blame me if I use the weapons Fate has placed so opportunely in my hands."

* * * * *

The shaded night-light burned low in the sick room, casting now and then on the white ceiling a huge fantastic shadow of the nurse as she moved quietly about the chamber. Sir Sylvester Holland lay on the bed motionless and apparently inanimate. The operation was about to take place, and Dr. Errigal sat watching the patient while waiting for his assistant to arrive. He was pale and wearied looking. His nerves, however, were completely at command, and he felt no misgiving in the task before him. That the patient would not die through any bungling on his part he was confident; that he could not live owing to the nature of the malady he was almost equally convinced. The latter issue, however, he put aside as one beyond even his skill to determine.

After a while the patient opened his eyes, and perceiving the doctor, he whispered to him to send the nurse away as he had something private to communicate. When the door had closed behind her, Sir Sylvester began in a weak and trembling voice:

"Before the other surgeon arrives, Dr. Errigal, I have something to say to you which has been buried in my mind for many years, and which I only mention to you now as a forlorn hope before I die. (Dr. Errigal raised one hand admonishingly.) I know you think I have a chance, but I myself have a presentiment that my end is near, and that being so, I wish to make you the confidant of a mystery of my life which your wide experience of humanity may enable you at some future date to unravel. Some twenty years ago I married a young girl of surpassing beauty and with whom I was passionately in love. She reciprocated my affection, though at the time I met her she was half engaged to another man, whose attachment, I will do him the justice to say, was fully as great as my own."

A solitary tear ran down the baronet's cheek, and Dr. Errigal hastily interposed an anxious protest. But his patient, after a pause, continued:

"It is not a long story, Doctor, and cannot harm me much in the telling. We were a twelvemonth married when a little daughter came to cement our union more fully, if that were possible. My wife idolised the little chit and devoted her existence to it. A couple of years passed, and the child began to toddle about, a little seraph in beauty and winsomeness. And then the blow fell—the child disappeared as if the earth had opened and engulfed it, and no trace of its whereabouts could ever be found. One clue only did we obtain, a clue suggestive of the most diabolical cunning and hatred. It was a short note in a disguised hand, unsigned and undated, received by my wife soon after the occurrence, to the effect that vengeance was the only balm for an ever open wound. She suspected that it came from the man she had jilted and whom she had always feared. If such was the case, his savage purpose was more than realised, for my poor wife never rallied from the shock. I had no proof, however, and could do nothing but endeavour to put as much distraction into my empty life as possible. Nevertheless, to this day there is a conviction in my heart that my child is alive and well, and only kept from my arms by the implacable hatred of this man."

"The cup of human villainy never fills," said the Doctor, his interest and sympathy fully aroused.

"Some day you may meet him," continued the baronet, "and if so, perhaps you may be the means of restoring to her rights the innocent victim of his vengeance. His name is Roland Arde."

* * * * *

After his visitor had left, Roland Arde remained for a long time in thought, and many events in his past life, conjured up by the occurrences of the moment, marshalled themselves for review. He thought of the days of his one courtship, when his life was pervaded to its meanest iota by the golden glow of a changeless, overmastering love. The softening impression of that tender period vanished at his rival's approach, and once again his recollection brought back the wild misery which racked his soul as he found the idol of his dreams slipping rapidly from his impotent grasp into the open fondling arms of another.

The thought of his vengeance was the oil in the sore. The sunlit wood, the sleeping nurse, the smiling child staring at him with big wondering eyes filled with an all abiding trust—alas! too little justified. Then the railway station, the London nurse, the boarding school, where the child was destined to remain till it wondered if the world would be for ever encompassed within four stone walls! Finally the typewriting school, with its intervals of inconvenient leisure, the business grind and the fitting of the round peg into the square hole of commercial life. He dwelt on it all with a grim sense of having justified himself, and given blow for blow in a legitimate warfare.

He got up from his chair and went to a small window which commanded a view of the outer office. Several clerks were lolling at their desks, and a young girl, with fair hair and a face of inherited charm, was tapping briskly at the keys of a typewriter. Arde watched her for a while, the pensive look in his eyes indicating thoughts of a long gone past. After a little one of the clerks perceived his employer's face at the window. There was a significant cough, which stifled the prevailing chatter and acted as a spur to laggard pens, and Arde returned to his seat.

* * * * *

Few witnesses of the Derby of 18— will ever forget that superb duel for the coveted distinction. A few hundred yards from the finish it became apparent to every spectator that the race lay between Reigning Monarch and the little fancied outsider, El Dorado, and from his place in the stand Roland Arde eagerly watched the contest. However the race went he knew the stakes were his, nevertheless his sporting instincts cried out passionately for the success of his own horse. Neck and neck, in true ventre-à-terre fashion, the two animals rapidly drew home, the rider of El Dorado using whip and spur unmercifully and shouting like a man possessed, while Reigning Monarch's pilot sat rigid and silent, well knowing the peculiarities of the favourite and that no exhortation was needed to induce him to strain every nerve. In front of the stand flew the two horses, while the air quivered with the frenzied cries of the multitude, and on towards the judge's box; in a moment the winning post flashed by, the two horses gradually slackened speed, and the race was over.

The general expectation of a dead heat was not realised, and Arde heard a sympathetic voice in his ear as the result became known: "Sorry for you, old man: a mere question of inches, by Jove. Beastly hard lines."

Talking roundly to keep up appearances, he pushed his way through his acquaintances, and a short time afterwards was on board a train speeding citywards.

On the platform as he alighted a boy was crying out the special edition of an evening paper, and Arde at once possessed himself of one. Opening it with trembling fingers, he ran his eye rapidly down the columns, and a sigh of unqualified relief escaped him as the following "par" caught his attention:

"We regret to learn that the well-known sportsman, Sir Sylvester Holland, died early this morning as the result of an operation for the removal of a dangerous cancerous growth performed on the previous evening by the eminent specialist, Dr. Errigal, assisted by Surgeon Tuite."

With a muttered benediction on the virtues of a certain insignificant slip of paper, he hailed a hansom and drove to his office.

Arrived there, he found that the clerks had left early, it being Derby Day, but the typist (Miss Helen Reeves was the name she was known by) had remained to finish some work; and he forthwith dictated a short note to her addressed to Dr. Errigal and inclosing him the document which had played so important a part in recent events.

"You know Dr. Errigal's, of Sharman Square, Miss Reeves?" he said. "I must ask you to bring this letter to him, as there is no one else here. You had better take a hansom, and give the letter into Dr. Errigal's own hands. This is important. You understand?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl quietly, and she donned her hat and left the office. From the window he perceived her step into a cab and drive off, and then he proceeded to lock up the office for the night.

When she arrived at Dr. Errigal's, Miss Reeves was informed that the Doctor was not at home, and remembering her instructions she decided to wait for him. The footman showed her upstairs into a large, splendidly furnished room, where she was left alone.

She waited a considerable time, but the Doctor did not come. The room was growing dark, the house was silent as the grave, and the minutes passed with interminable slowness. Finally the question suggested itself as to whether she should not preserve the letter till the following day. She was on the point of making up her mind to do so and go when a sound of knocking from the room immediately above attracted her attention.

It came at intervals, with gradually increasing vehemence, as if someone were in need of assistance. She wondered what she ought to do. There was no bell in the room, and when she went to the door and opened it the silence everywhere was absolute. Once again the knocking reached her ears, and its impatient persistence spurred her into action. Forming a sudden resolution, she ran up the stairs and tapped at the door of the room above. She heard a feeble sound in reply, and taking it for the necessary permission, she opened the door and entered the room.

It was a sleeping chamber, and on the bed lay the figure of a man whose features were wasted by disease. On his wax-like countenance death seemed to have set its eternal seal. It was Sir Sylvester Holland, and he had just come back to life from the trance which had supervened after the operation. It was a momentary revival, and already the spirit hovered with outstretched wings waiting for final departure. When he saw the girl, however, he sat up electrified, and his eyes became fastened on her as if she were a vision of the world he was preparing to enter. "Who are you," he gasped weakly, "tell me quickly, who are you?"

The girl was inexpressible pained and frightened. "Oh, sir," she began, "I am sorry——"

"It is she, my little Milly—her face, her voice, thank——" The baronet fell back fainting, while the girl hastily ran to a bell and tore at it violently.

* * * * *

Dr. Errigal's prognostication of the certain demise of Sir Sylvester Holland was not realised after all, though how much of his recovery was due to the specialist's skill and how much to the strange advent of his long lost daughter will never be ascertained. Roland Arde's precious scheme consequently fell through, and with it every hope of saving himself from ruin. Before the bubble of his fortunes burst he had fled the country for good, and Sir Sylvester, in the joy of his new found happiness, was content to blot out his existence for ever.

If you know the names of any actors and actresses you will stand a good chance of securing a prize in the big Name-Hunting Competition which starts next week.

OUR NEW FEATURE.

He Had Something Left.

Johnson: "That man Williams never lost his head in a football game yet, did he?" Thompson: "No, I think not. He's lost an ear, part of his nose, and some teeth; but I do not remember ever hearing of his losing his head."

In Sweden a Woman Equals Half a Man.

At the old-fashioned inns and restaurants in Sweden it is customary to charge less for women than for men, on the theory that they do not eat so much. At some hotels in Sweden a man and wife are charged as one and one-half persons if they occupy the same room. A husband and wife may travel as one and one-half persons by railway, and also by the post routes, furnishing their own carriage.

Thirty Pounds per Stag.

The totals of the cost of shooting and fishing in the United Kingdom have been set down as about seven millions, of which Scotland is responsible for nearly two millions. A Crofters' Commission report gives 109 deer forests for Scotland, with an area of about 2,000,000 acres. The yield of stags from these forests has been set down at 4,500 each season, and the rental at about £30 per stag, or £135,000.

English as a Court Language.

The use of English at various Courts is quite common nowadays, especially at the Russian Court, where, since it became known that the Tsar and Tsarina always used it between themselves, many members of the Royal household make a practice of speaking and writing it. This is curious, because at one time all our own Royalties spoke German, and at Tel-el-Kebir it was noticed that whenever the Duke of Connaught grew excited he gave his orders in that language.

The Summons to Attend the Coronation.

It having been officially announced that only those peers and peeresses who claim the right to attend before January 1st of next year will be summoned to the Coronation, it is interesting to note the form of the "command to attend." It begins as follows: "Right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, we greet you well and command you to appear," etc. Only Dukes are addressed in this manner, the wording of the summons being modified as the degree of nobility descends. Marquises, Earls, and Viscounts are addressed as "cousins and counsellors," but Barons as "counsellors" only, and not as "cousins."

Royalties' Big Money Box.

From the NEW YORK PRESS, which says it knows all about the private affairs of European monarchs, we get the following list of Royalties who have invested their private capital in American stocks:

Nicholas II., Tsar of Russia	£1,200,000
King Edward VII. of England	1,000,000
William II., German Emperor	600,000
Queen Regent of Spain	400,000
Isabella of Spain	300,000
King Leopold of Belgium	700,000

The Duke of York, King of Italy, King of Greece, King of Denmark, Sultan of Turkey, and Shah of Persia together have £1,600,000 invested.

Unlucky Names for Ships.

Nothing is ever likely to shake the naval superstition that ships named after things that sting are doomed to loss. Besides the *Viper* and *Cobra*, the *Serpent* was lost with nearly all her crew, the *Wasp* was wrecked with heavy loss off Tory Island, and a second *Wasp*, a gunboat, disappeared in a typhoon, never to be heard of again. In consequence of this double disaster to ships named *Wasp*, that name has been struck out of the Admiralty list of available names. In the past we have lost a *Rattlesnake*, *Gadfly*, and *Hornet*. Probably a new *Viper* and a new *Cobra* will be built, but should anything happen to either of them the name of the other is almost certain to be changed by the authorities in deference to the sentiment that prevails afloat concerning unlucky names.

Exit the Treadmill.

One of the most interesting features of the recently-issued report of the Prison Commissioners was the allusion to the now fast disappearing treadmills and cranks. The abolition of these particular forms of hard labour has been going on gradually throughout the country for some years past in accordance with instructions from the Home Office; indeed, this particular phase of penal labour may now be said to be in its last stage. Of the sixty-eight treadmills and cranks in operation in 1895 only eighteen now remain, and these will be abolished as soon as satisfactory substitutes can be provided. The treadmill which was the invention of a Mr. Cubitt, of Lowestoft, was first set up in the Brixton House of Correction in the year which immediately preceded the accession of the late Queen.

He Spoke English.

A good joke is going the rounds concerning one of the fashionable foreign bands. There is a shrewd suspicion that some of the gentlemen who pose in the Hungarian dress stain their faces and adopt the uniform, although they know no other language than that of Stratford-atte-Bow. One young lady in Society who is an admirable linguist has for two or three years past, for fun, been in the habit of going round to these Hungarian bands and speaking to the men in their own alleged language. If the performers are Britons they usually assume a blank and stolid look. One night last season, however, she came a cropper. The bandsman was a true Hungarian, though he obviously did not understand what the young lady was talking about. But he had learnt exactly four words of English, and with a smiling face he remarked, "Wot ho, she bumps!"

Baked and Fried Potatoes.

Baked potatoes supply more nourishment than those cooked in any other way, and fried ones are the most difficult to digest.

What is a King?

"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody must obey." "Papa, is mamma a king?"

Volunteer Manœuvres.

Retired General: "And may I ask what you are supposed to be doing?" Subaltern (on scouting duty): "Well, as a matter of fact, I'm trying to get captured, so as to get back to barracks in time for luncheon."

A Wedding Without a Ring.

This seems to us incongruous, but in Cadiz, Spain, no ring is used. After the ceremony the bridegroom moves the flower in his bride's hair from left to right, for in various parts of Spain to wear a rose above your right ear is to proclaim yourself a wife.

The Only Woman Sea Captain.

Marie Joanna Kersaho, who died recently on the Island of Croix, in France, at the age of seventy-two, had the distinction of being the only woman sea captain in the world. She went to sea with her father when she was twelve years old, and after his death she captained three more vessels, and obtained several medals and money rewards for heroism on the water.

£3,000 a Day from Picture Postcards.

Pictorial postcards originated in Germany some twelve years ago, and like all great things, began in a very small way. Who actually started the idea is not known, but it is generally believed that about the year 1888 a few post-cards bearing pictures of celebrated places first began to find their way into Berlin. Last year hundreds of millions of picture cards passed through German post-offices, yielding to the Government an average income of £3,000 a day.

King's First Public Function.

Forty years ago the King performed his first public function by presenting at the Curragh Camp new colours to the 36th Regiment (2nd Batt. Worcesters). Previously the Prince of Wales, who was studying at Cambridge University, crossed over to Ireland, for the purpose of spending the midsummer vacation with the Grenadier Guards, who were brigaded at the Curragh with the 36th. He placed himself under the tuition of Sergeant Hazelwood, and as Captain of a company became very popular with the men, in whose sports and pastimes he sometimes joined.

A London Residence for the Kaiser.

Great strides have been made with the alterations at Buckingham Palace, which has been completely restored in the interior and very largely refurnished. The suite of rooms which belonged to the late Empress Frederick as Princess Royal of Great Britain has now increased the accommodation, but the King has placed them at the disposal of his nephew, the Emperor William, thus affording the German Monarch a permanent residence in London. As at present arranged, the Court will spend Christmas at Buckingham Palace for the first time for many years.

Opper, the Cartoonist.

Mr. Frederick Burr Opper, the leading cartoonist in America, whose productions are becoming increasingly popular in England, is still a young man. A turn as "devil" in a local newspaper office was sufficient to start him for New York in search of fortune. He had a hard struggle in the big city before his work "took on." Even now artists are apt to scoff at the work of a cartoonist. "All his drawings are out of drawing," they say. Precisely, but the fun in the Opper cartoons is such rich fun that the quality of the drawing may almost be left out of the question. His income is almost equal to that of a Lord Mayor or Prime Minister in England.

Scents Used by Rulers.

A lady has been compiling a list of the favourite scents used by reigning monarchs. The Kaiser, she says, prefers "Garden of the Parish Priest," but occasionally uses Ylang-Ylang, corylopsis, and iris. The Empress Augusta Victoria prefers hayscent, and for her private rooms eau de Cologne. The Tsar has a weakness for scents, but his especial favourite is unknown. The Tsarina prefers violet perfume for the handkerchief; her rooms and corridors are sprinkled with jonquil and jasmine. The Queen Dowager of Italy, Margherita, prefers eau de Cologne. The Crown Prince of Roumania is fond of rose-water. Sultan Abdul Hamid has a delicate taste, for he indulges in a mixture of lilacs and violets.

Britannia on the Penny.

Whatever alterations may be made in other directions, it has been decided that the revised design of Britannia ruling the waves, adopted for the reverse of the penny, half-penny, and farthing six years ago, shall be retained for the new bronze coinage. The first appearance of the figure of Britannia upon the copper coinage of Charles II. was probably in imitation of a somewhat similar figure found on some Roman coins. It is said that the original model was the Royal favourite known as "La Belle Stewart." With occasional modifications, the design remained much the same until 1797, when for the first time Britannia bears a trident and a three-masted ship is seen in the distance. The helmet was introduced in the reign of George IV., when the ship disappeared.

Not Strictly Enforced.

A gentleman, detained at a country railway station one bitterly cold night, went into the waiting-room, where a cheerful fire was burning. He lit a cigar to while away the tediousness of waiting. Just then a porter entered, and the gentleman remarked, pointing to the notice above the mantelpiece, "Smoking strictly prohibited," "I suppose that rule is not rigidly enforced?" "Oh, no, sir; neither is the one underneath," referring to another, which read as follows: "Railway servants are not allowed to receive gratuities." He got one.

M.P.'s as Bad Writers.

Parliament numbers many men whose writing is—well, not good. The late Lord Lyttelton once, it is said, failed to read a notice in his own handwriting. Sir Charles Dilke's handwriting is full of pitfalls for the unwary and inexperienced. So is that of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Sidney Buxton. Mr. Balfour's is careless to the verge of slovenliness, but still easily read. Two of the best writers in the House are Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Chamberlain, but both are extremely partial to contractions, even in connection with their own surnames.

He had Plenty Upstairs.

The recent dry season is responsible for the resurrection of the story told of a York draper. The gentleman in question possessed a very excitable temperament, and on hearing his assistant say to a lady customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," unable to countenance such an admission, he turned to the lady, fixed his eyes on the assistant, and said, "We have plenty in reserve, madam—plenty upstairs." The lady looked thunderstruck, and then the assistant informed his master that his reply was to her remark, "We have not had any rain lately."

It was a Natural Gift.

A newly-created bishop, in all the glory of apron and gaiters, was passing along a street in rather a low district of the metropolis, when his right reverend ears were assailed by some most awful language, which proceeded from the mouths of three costers, who were engaged in a friendly argument. Here was a chance for the saving of souls, so, stepping briskly up to the group, his lordship addressed the most noisy of the offenders: "Wherever did you learn to swear like that, my man?" he asked. "Lord luv yer, guv'nor," replied the brawny street merchant, clapping him genially on the shoulder, "y' can't learn it; it's a gift!"

A Haunted Castle.

Dunrobin Castle, the Highland home of the Duke of Sutherland, which is just now his headquarters, has a haunted room. The spectre is an invisible one, which denotes its presence by a laugh which has been described as nothing short of diabolical. The sound occurs very often, not only at night, but during the day, and no scientific explanation of the phenomenon has ever yet been found. The story goes that one of the Duke's ancestors caused the rival chief of a neighbouring clan to be starved to death in this haunted room, and used to visit him and laugh at his tortures; now he has to haunt the chamber in spirit. Needless to say, most of the servants believe the story.

Oysters that Grow on Trees.

Many people still smile when they hear travellers talk of oysters that grow on trees, just as, long ago, sailors were laughed at when they came home with stories of flying-fish. Both are real enough, however, and of delicious tasting, as latter-day voyagers through the tropics well know. At a conference recently held in Barbadoes, Mr. J. E. Duerden, of Jamaica, an economic scientist of some note, brought forward an interesting proposal for increasing and improving the cultivation of tree-oysters, and as there is a rich field in nearly all the West India Islands, and along the coast of Central America, something will no doubt come of the scheme. These oysters cling to the branches of the mangrove.

Banks for Women.

It is only a few years since banks in the United States—and in England also—had very few woman customers; but the number in the former country is increasing so rapidly that new banks for their accommodation are being opened in all the residential parts of New York, and bank officials say that they are highly desirable patrons. The stories about women's inability to master the rudiments of the banking business, of their failure to keep their accounts, their overdrafts, their habits of sending unsigned cheques, and their inability to see why deposited cheques should be endorsed, are called rubbish by the men who manage the banks where there are thousands of women depositors. They declare that the women are businesslike in their methods, that they answer bank communications promptly, and give clerks and bookkeepers less trouble than the men.

Cost of Coronets.

Jewellers, in London and elsewhere, regard with small favour the order which was issued from the office of the Lord Chamberlain as to coronets to be worn by peers and peeresses at the Coronation. The order prescribes that the coronets are to be silver-gilt. Before the order was issued several peers had given instructions to jewellers to supply coronets of gold. These instructions have now, necessarily, to be countermanded. The difference to the jeweller may be understood from the list of prices which Mr. Streeter, the well-known Bond Street jeweller, has sent to his customers. He himself is one of the sufferers by the official order, for he had instructions to make gold coronets for two or three peers. A silver-gilt coronet for a duke will cost fifteen guineas, and for a duchess twelve guineas. In gold the same head-gear would have cost respectively £85 and £75. The coronet of a marquis is a still more serious loss in the transmutation of metals. He would have had to pay £90 for his gold coronet (the cost to an earl would have been £95), whereas his silver-gilt emblem of nobility will cost not more than seventeen guineas. A countess will save the difference between fifteen guineas and £87 10s.

Have you ever been to a theatre? If so, you will know some actor or actress. This will enable you to enter for the Name-Hunting Competition which starts next week.

?QUESTIONS? WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

HOW SOLDIERS REALLY MARCH.

Why does the Tread of Soldiers when Marching in Long Ranks Appear to be Irregular? *(5765.)*

Because it is, if judged by the eye, irregular. The only practical way of causing a body of men to march together is to regulate their paces by sound, and this is generally done by the aid of a band. Sound only travels about four hundred yards in a second, and a soldier takes a pace every half second; so, in a long rank, those who are a hundred yards from the band are just half a pace out, if judged by the eye.

This irregularity is very noticeable at an inspection, when the troops "advance in review order"; the whole body of troops under review is drawn up in a long double rank, and at the word of command advances in this formation in step with the band placed somewhere in the centre of the line. It is at once obvious that the centre is half a pace or more ahead of the flanks, although all are stepping accurately to the music.

The same may be seen, when troops are marching to a band along a road "in fours," and the rear of the column may be almost a step behind the front. In marching without music, there is a similar loss of time when marching in "fours," for there is a fractional loss of time as each "four" takes its step from the one in front, and the irregularity here is much greater than that caused by the slow passage of sound.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN WAR.

Why did Wireless Telegraphy so often Fail during the South African Campaign? *(5770.)*

Dr. Fleming, in the Cantor lectures delivered to the Society of Arts this year, stated that this was due to the dryness of the ground over which the messages were sent. He showed a lecture-room experiment to illustrate that the electric vibrations which Marconi uses would pass readily through a series of dry dusters, but one damp duster was sufficient to reflect them. To send wireless messages in certain parts of South Africa was like trying to send a stream of water across a desert—it only got a little distance before it was absorbed. If the ground had been damp so that none of the vibrations were lost downwards, it would have been easy to establish successful stations. It is this reflecting effect of damp surfaces that makes wireless telegraphy so successful at sea. The Marconi instruments used in South Africa were of his early type, in which no transformer was used. It is exceedingly probable that the instruments now used would be sufficiently sensitive. The Marconi Company have established successful stations in neighbouring islands in the Pacific, which it was practically impossible to connect by a submarine cable owing to the depth of the intervening sea and the jagged nature of their shores.

FLESH-EATING DONKEYS.

Will Donkeys Eat Flesh? *(5772.)*

The well-known African explorer, Sir Samuel W. Baker, writes in his "Albert N'yanza, Great Basin of the Nile": "It is a curious fact that donkeys should, under certain circumstances, become carnivorous, while horses remain clean feeders." Experience proved that where the grass had been burnt, and no vegetation was procurable, they devoured antelope flesh with avidity, and thrived exceedingly on it. Even when there was no scarcity of their natural food, he found that his train of donkeys would gorge themselves on the offal that accumulates round the stockades of African villages, and as he says, "actually fattened, as scavengers, like pigs."

WHERE WOMEN TELL THEIR AGE.

In which Country do Women Make no Concealment of their True Age? *(5771.)*

In Japan. According to Miss Alice Mabel Bacon, an American lady who had very exceptional opportunities of studying female life as it exists in that country, "No Japanese woman is ashamed to show that she is getting along in years, but all take pains that every detail of the dress and *coiffure* shall show the full age of the wearer. The baby girl is dressed in the brightest of colours and the largest of patterns, and looks like a gay butterfly or tropical bird. As she grows older, colours become quieter, figures smaller, stripes narrower, until in old age she becomes a little grey moth or plain-coloured sparrow. By the sophisticated eye, a woman's age can be told with considerable accuracy by the various little things about her costume, and no woman cares to appear younger than her real age, or hesitates to tell with entire frankness the number of years that have passed over her head.

"The reason for this lies, at least in part, in the fact that every woman looks forward to the period of old age as the time when she will attain freedom from her life-long service to those about her—will be in the position of adviser of her sons, and director of her daughters-in-law; will be a person of much consideration in the family, privileged to amuse herself in various ways, to speak her own mind on most subjects, and to be waited upon and cared for by children and grandchildren in return for her long years of faithful service in the household." In Japan there are no old maids; every girl must marry about sixteen or so. Practically the same is true of Chinese women of the upper classes.

CAD AND CARRION.

What is the Derivation of "Cad"? *(5773.)*

Some authorities take "cad" as an abbreviation of "cadet," and refer for comparison to the Scotch "cadie"—a boy; but such a derivation is not satisfactory, as no man ever called another a "cadet" or a "cadie," as a term of abuse. The word has quite another origin. Hensleigh Wedgwood, in his "Contested Etymologies" supplies the best derivation.

"It is satisfactorily explained," he says, "from the Lincolnshire 'cad,' carrion, used by a very natural metaphor to express disgust and contempt." Hence "cad-crow," carrion crow, in that dialect. This suggestion is strengthened by comparison with the practice in other languages, in several of which the word for "carrion" is used in the same way as we apply "cad." "*Schelm*," the Dutch for "carrion" is a term of abuse; so is the French "*charogne*"; so, too, are the Italian "*carogna*" and the Spanish "*carróña*."

THE OLDEST SIGNATURES.

Which is the Most Ancient Form of Signing Names to Documents? *(5774.)*

By making an indentation of the finger-nail upon one of the sides of the clay tablet on which the document was written. This was the form used in Babylonia (Chaldæa) in the remote ages, when writing was inscribed upon cylinders or slabs of clay. The mark of the finger-nail was followed or preceded by the mention of the name, "Nail of So-and-So."

Many of these documents are in the form of contracts for the sale of goods. At a later date, only the buyer and witnesses appended their nail-mark, the seller making use of a seal. The Chinese method of signing documents by thumb-marks is of unknown antiquity, and it is worthy of note that this practice has been resorted to in the Bertillon system for the identification of criminals. No two thumb-marks have ever been found to be identical in all the lines.

"OLD HARRY."

Why is His Satanic Majesty sometimes Called "Old Harry"? *(5775.)*

The most reasonable explanation of the name is that it is a corruption of "old Hairy," and has arisen from the grotesque mediæval representations of the Demon in which he is pictured with horns, hoofs, tail, and hairy thighs. It is not difficult to trace these attributes to pagan superstition. They are undoubtedly derived from the mythological conceptions of the nature-god, Pan, concerning whose personality there was always an element of mystery and terror. The heathen gods were believed in early Christian times to have survived in the form of demons or incarnate evil spirits, and as Pan was supposed to inhabit forests and wild places, which were also believed to be haunted by devils, the characteristics of one evil being were transferred to another. The subject proved congenial to an early art which revelled in combining the grotesque with the horrible, and the personification became firmly rooted in the popular mind. The prefix "old" may refer either to the antiquity of the subject or to his position as chief or senior of the race.

A SENSE WE ARE LOSING.

Why is Man so Deficient in the Sense of Smell? *(5776.)*

Because it is not so necessary to him as to many of the lower animals, owing to his reason, his erect posture, and his habit of cooking his food. In the economy of Nature, parts and powers that are not essential to the well-being of their owner become greatly reduced or even lost; and thus man's sense of smell has become almost a negligible quantity. His intelligence enables him to use the dog's highly-developed sense of smell. Again, his erect posture obliges him to carry his nose so far from the ground that an acute sense of smell would not be of much use to him in the rapid pursuit of his prey, so he only retains sufficient power to detect danger from fire, unhealthy atmosphere, certain poisonous substances, and the like. His habit of cooking his food makes it no longer necessary that he should be readily able to distinguish herbs by their smell, for he cannot select his food by smell, as the horse does. It is, however, interesting to note that, under special conditions, man can develop his sense of smell to a wonderful degree. Tea and wine-tasters, who can distinguish a crop or a vintage by the aroma, are proofs of this.

"BOBS" TWO V.C.'S.

Which of the British Generals has the Unique Privilege of Wearing Two V.C.'s? *(5777.)*

Earl Roberts won his own V.C. during the Mutiny, and this he wears upon his left breast. It was given to him for two acts of valour in the field—one the rescue of an officer's servant, and the other the recapture of a standard from two sepoys, who were riding off with it. As he cut one down, the other covered him with his revolver. Happily, the weapon missed fire, or one of the most distinguished careers in the annals of British warfare would have come to a premature end.

The other, which he wears on his right breast, was won by his son, Lieut. Roberts, at the battle of Colenso. As everyone remembers, the Lieutenant was mortally wounded in a gallant attempt to retrieve the fatal error which resulted in the loss of most of Colonel Long's guns. The V.C. can, according to the King's regulations, only be given once to the same person, although further "acts of valour" may be rewarded by additional bars on the ribbon. Earl Roberts wears his son's Cross by special permission of her late Majesty.

HARDEST TO KILL.

Which Animals have the Largest Reserve of Vitality to Draw from? *(5778.)*

Vitality is exhibited in many different ways, but chiefly as power of recuperation or endurance. As an example of the former, the proverb, "a cat has nine lives," is well-known. A cat has wonderful powers of recovery from wounds or diseases, and of all animals a wild cat is the most difficult to kill.

Abstention from food can be carried to the greatest length by the camel, which, thanks to its reserve "water-cells" within its stomach, and a supply of spare food in the fatty mass of its hump, can travel fifty miles a day, loaded, for five days, without other refreshment. In the lower forms of life we find that snails can exist for years in a torpid state. A well-known example is that of one which was for seven years enclosed as dead in a case at the British Museum, but at the end of that time began crawling upon the glass. Some forms of animal life can endure marvellous extremes of heat and cold; but for vitality exhibited as activity and vigour, nothing can beat the ordinary house fly, which can fly for several hundred miles without a rest with a rapidity of muscular action measured by thousands of wing strokes in a minut

QUESTIONS.

5801. Wherein did history most strikingly show that "great men think alike"?
5802. Which of our foreign possessions is least attractive to the eye?
5803. Why do we cry when we are born and smile after we are dead?
5804. Why do all children love very sweet things and lose the taste as they grow older?
5805. How did the custom arise of passing people to the right when meeting them in the street?
5806. Which were probably the earliest boat-races?
5807. When before in history has war made fashionable a colour resembling the now famous khaki?
5808. Why is it that the noses of dogs and other animals are moist when in health?
5809. Why do some people get white and others red through exertion?
5810. Is there any wild animal in Britain that changes its colour in winter?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"YOUR neighbour appears to have failed a good many times?"

"Just twenty-four times. The next one will be his silver bankruptcy."

"BUT," said the young mosquito, "is not man much stronger than we?"

"He is," replied the fond parent; "but we may venture to attack him on account of our superior mobility."

MRS. VERNON BROWN: "Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?"

Mrs. Smiffian Jones: "I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system."

"PRETTY Polly!" said the visitor, approaching the cage. "Want a ——"

"My name," interrupted the parrot, speaking slowly and distinctly, "is Mary, not Polly, and I require nothing, sir. I am meditating. How dare you address me without an introduction?"

Founded 1871.

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Capital Subscribed £811,465 | Reserves Dec. 31st, 1900 £921,417
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The "Advanced" Policy of The Ocean Corporation is a remarkable development from the old-fashioned Accident contract, with its limited scope and restrictive conditions. The "Advanced" Policy is based on wide and liberal lines, and not only provides against Accidents, but also against Illness and Permanent Incapacity. It possesses, in addition, the important advantage of being World-wide as to Travel.

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If "A Severe Storm" signifies "Tempest" (Marie Tempest), what actor's name does "Not Wrong" indicate?——

TALKING A HOLE THROUGH A PLANK

Cold Water that Explodes, Compressed Air Public-Houses, and Other Marvellous Scientific Inventions.

A MACHINE for accurately measuring the length of bees' tongues, does not strike the average individual as supplying any particular want. But then the average individual does not keep bees.

As a matter of fact, in the new apiculture, the length of the insects' tongues is regarded as a matter of supreme importance. The longer the tongue the greater is the bee's honey-getting capacity, and the new apparatus, the glossometer, is designed to aid the apiarist, who, by judicious selection, seeks to develop a long-tongued race.

It is simply a glass vessel partially filled with syrup, fitted with a lid containing numerous small perforations, and having a floating scale to show the height of the liquid when the bees just reach it through the holes. It is estimated that an ordinary bee can draw sweets from the depth of about a quarter of an inch, and that selection can increase its range a twenty-fifth of an inch.

Mr. Edison's very latest invention is a machine for talking a hole through a plank. This sounds like a joke, but it is nothing of the kind. The apparatus consists primarily of a diaphragm, a ratchet, and a toothed wheel. The operator talks into the diaphragm, its vibrations cause the wheel to revolve, and by means of the familiar mechanical contrivance called a "worm gear" an augur is worked. By slightly altering the mechanism a saw can be substituted for the augur. This makes the proverbial expression "to talk the hind leg off a donkey" no longer a mere figure of speech. It can be done.

MEASURING A BOXER'S BLOW.

Sporting men are not usually credited with taking any great amount of interest in scientific inventions; but many of them have been greatly perturbed and excited, nevertheless, over the introduction of the pendulumchronoscope. This curiously named instrument is a device for measuring and recording the exact length of time it takes a boxer to deliver a blow; and it is averred that, by its aid, the result of a prize fight can be foretold with almost positive certainty.

For years astronomers have been seeking to determine the quantity of solar heat reflected by the moon's disc, but with very indifferent results. Some three or four years ago, however, a marvellously delicate instrument called the thermopile was invented by Mr. C. V. Boys, the well-known scientist, by whose aid it has been found possible to approximately solve the hitherto unsolvable problem. The quantity of heat which leaves the moon's surface, must, of course, be considerable; but so large a proportion of it is dissipated in space, that it is estimated that if the entire quantity reaching the earth in twenty-four hours could be utilized for the production of steam, it would be insufficient to drive an ordinary locomotive engine from London to York.

TRAINS STOPPED BY VIOLET RAYS.

At a private scientific conversazione held recently in the West-end of London, two minature railway engines, fitted with tiny but powertul acetylene lamps shaded with violet-coloured glass, were shown approaching each other on the same track. On arriving within a few feet of one another they suddenly stopped. The exhibitor, Professor Szczepanik, thus explained the phenomenon: "When the approaching locomotives arrive within a certain distance of each other, the ultra-violet rays of light from the lamps act upon the respective electric apparatus, set automatic brakes in motion, and thus, stop the engines, whether in daytime or at night." Obviously, it is scarcely possible to over-rate the importance of this ingenious contrivance, assuming that it can be fitted to real trains, and of this the professor entertains no doubt.

Detectives will shortly be selected solely on account of the keenness of their olfactory nerves, if Dr. Bethe, an Austrian scientist, is right in his theory that each member of the human family is dowered with a distinct and recognisable smell. No one, man or woman, among all the millions on earth, he avers, smells exactly like any other; and he has invented a contrivance for registering—or at all events, differentiating—each of these many smells.

Dr. Bethe's theory, is, of course, in strict accord with that held by the well-known Dr. Jaeger, who maintains that the personal scent of a man has a distinct ethereal value. Dr. Bethe, however, goes further that the eminent advocate of "natural wool" underwear, in that he insists that there is a characteristic family smell, of which each member of a family more or less partakes, and which they do not lose even when separated from one another for years.

The value of this discovery in settling lawsuits involving disputes as to identity is obvious. Take, for instance, the famous Tichborne trial. It would have been only necessary for jury and witnesses to have exerted their powers of smell to have settled the case "right off the reel."

Everyone has heard of that extraordinary Parisian institution known as the "claque." Men are hired by the manager of a theatre to applaud at the proper times, thereby ensuring that, at all events, a new play shall be well received by at least a section of the audience.

A certain Herr Zimmerman has done away with all this (or at all events with the necessity for it) by inventing a clapping machine. The sound to counterfeit applause is produced by banging together leathern air-bags. A number of pairs of these bags are stowed away in various suitable places throughout the house, and can be set in motion, by means of electricity, at the will of the stage-manager.

Explosive water is the very latest thing in modern warfare. It is the invention of an Italian artillery officer named Cornara. For a long time it has, of course, been known to scientists that water electrically decomposed possesses, under certain conditions, violent explosive qualities; but it has been left for Colonel Cornara to make practical use of the said knowledge.

The colonel incloses the doctored water in a hermetically-sealed steel bomb, and, when exploded, it is said to develop a destructive energy fifty-five times greater than that of the best gunpowder, and twenty-eight times greater than that of dynamite. The inventor has named his new explosive "Cosmos," and is at this present moment busy making experiments with it as a substitute for cordite in rifle cartridges. The Italian Government is also conducting elaborate investigations into its nature and capabilities at Turin.

ELECTRIC LIQUID WITHOUT A BATTERY.

An "electric lamp" which requires no current and will burn for ever, has been discovered in "radium," an element which possesses the remarkable property of being spontaneously luminous in the dark. It is not likely to come into very general use, however, for its prime cost is enormous. It is obtained from the uranium minerals, a ton of which will yield about half an ounce of radium with the expenditure of six tons of chemicals and the use of fifty tons of water for washing. Its luminescence does not arise from oxidation, like that of phosphorus, but is due to a continuous emission of electrified particles, whose charge is enormous, but whose mass is so small that the loss in weight would be less than a sixtieth of a grain in one hundred million years.

A Liverpool doctor has noted that men working in a caisson are peculiarly susceptible to the action of stimulants; in fact, a very small portion of alcohol suffices to intoxicate them. He further noted that they were instantaneously sobered on coming into the open air. Putting the two ideas together he has hit upon a charming invention—a compressed air public-house.

The idea is that a man can get delightfully drunk and have a rollicking time on a couple of bitters or a single small Scotch, and walk out afterwards, sobered instantly and automatically, and feeling absolutely no ill after effects from his "debauch."

WHY BRITISH OFFICERS LIKE MUFTI.

CONSIDERING how much naval and military uniforms are admired, it surprises many folks to learn that as soon as a British officer is off duty he likes to don mufti.

More especially is this fact puzzling when it is considered how very fond the fair sex are of the brilliant uniforms worn by officers ashore and afloat.

Mufti is very much worn to-day, but it has mostly been confined to the "upper ten." An order has recently been issued extending the privilege to non-commissioned officers.

There are two substantial reasons why mufti is liked, one appealing to the purse, and the second to the fashionable tastes. Naval and military uniforms run away with a lot of money, and he would be a poor economist who did not pay some regard to this. Both full dress and "undress" uniforms are costly, and mufti is mostly worn by officers to save the service clothing, which gets quite sufficient wear and tear when worn on duty without it being worn on all occasions.

Some uniforms cost fifty times more than a good suit of civilian clothes can be purchased for, so that there is good ground for the donning of mufti in that respect alone, without taking into consideration the natural desire officers have for a change in clothing and keeping in touch with the fashion.

"DOES that young man next door to you play his trombone by ear or by note?"

"Neither; by brute force."

THE rapidity of ocean transport is becoming truly marvellous. A sea captain boasts that he finished loading a cargo of wheat at San Francisco by dinner time, and then went to China for tea.

A FAIR Dublin reader writes:

"A kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect." Perhaps it does; but the average girl doesn't care for that style of intellectual reverence, does she?

WHY THERE IS NO CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Good Reason for not Joining England to France, or Scotland to Ireland.

THE recent passage through a House of Lords Committee of the Bill for constructing a four mile tunnel beneath the Solent to the Isle of Wight will certainly revive the Irish and Channel tunnel schemes.

In 1881, you may remember, the South-Eastern Railway, at the instigation of Sir Edward Watkin, seriously began the task of constructing a submarine highway across the Straits of Dover.

The Channel at this point is particularly well adapted for such an undertaking. Its deepest sounding is only 210 feet, and excellent tunnel boring beds of grey chalk and chalk marl, each 225 feet thick, run between the English and French coasts.

By means of the Beaumont compressed air borer, a seven foot tunnel was pushed out from the English side at the rate of fifteen yards per diem, until a total distance of 2,000 yards had been attained. Then Parliament suddenly took fright at a French invasion bogey, and the work was brought to a standstill.

Eight years later, on the completion of the Forth Bridge, Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker proposed to throw a glorified replica of their great work across the twenty-four and a half miles separating Folkestone and Grisnez. Although the route was slightly wider than the Dover-Calais alternative, it had the advantage of passing over the Varne and Colbort shoals, and ran throughout across a solid foundation of white and blue chalk.

This huge undertaking had 120 spans, ranging from 328 to 1,640 feet, and gave a clearance of 130 feet at high tide. The piers were to be constructed ashore and floated out to their proper positions, large quantities of oil being employed to secure the necessary calmness.

The piers were to be used as lighthouses—their total cost being estimated at fifteen millions—whilst the iron superstructure ran into another nineteen millions. The entire work was to use up a million tons of steel, and occupy twelve years in construction; but the scheme still languishes.

Proposals have frequently been made for a more stable link between Scotland and Ireland. At present, the shortest route to Dublin (*via* Holyhead), involves a sea passage of sixty-five miles—no light undertaking when the wild northerly gales are sweeping down the Irish Sea. Of the alternative routes *via* Milford, Barrow and Larne, the shortest means thirty miles of sea passage, and each necessarily involves much transshipment.

In 1881 it was proposed to construct a huge dam, one hundred yards in width, across the thirteen miles of sea separating Tor Point (Ireland) and the Mull of Cantire. Simultaneously the Crinan Canal was to be sufficiently enlarged to permit the passage of vessels to and from the North Sea. But the investing public fought shy, and Ireland is still no nearer.

A second scheme, promulgated some ten years later, proposed to inclose an ordinary bridge structure in a huge tube, which was to be sunk and anchored sixty feet below the surface. Through this curious tunnel, electric or pneumatic trains were to be run over the twenty-two miles separating Portpatrick and Donaghadee. The inventor estimated the cost of his scheme at five and a quarter millions.

There is unfortunately one fatal objection to a submarine tunnel between Scotland and Ireland. The bed of the sea near the Scottish coast forms a deep pool, varying between 500 and 900 feet, which would entail the construction of a huge and expensive approach tunnel. For this reason, the twenty-four miles of the Whitehead and Portpatrick route, estimated to cost seven millions: the twenty-two mile tunnel between Donaghadee and Portpatrick; and the alternative twenty-six and a half mile route between Island Magee and Wierston Hill estimated to cost from eight to ten millions, have all been reluctantly abandoned. The fifteen mile route of the Cantire tunnel has been voted impracticable, on account of the huge railway detour it would involve.

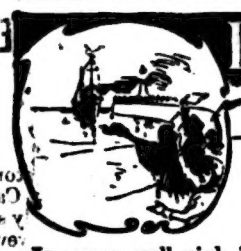
The first successful subaqueous tunnel was that constructed by Brunel beneath the Thames. People didn't hurry so much in those days, and nobody appears to have been unduly surprised that this undertaking commenced in 1825 was not completed until 1843.

Of course the engineer was working to a great extent in the dark. He had practically to make his own experience, and it cost him dear, as much as £1,300 per lineal yard in some places. To-day—such is destiny—the trains of the East London Railway run through it, and not more than half of their passengers realise that they are being whisked through the once world-famous Thames tunnel.

CASH FOR ARTICLES.

THE Editor invites contributions on subjects likely to be suitable for PEARSON'S WEEKLY. They may be any length from 200 to 1,500 words. All MSS. must be type-written, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. Not only articles, but stories may be sent. No story, however, should exceed 2,500 words in length.

——If you can solve this little problem you certainly stand a good chance of winning £50 in the big competition which starts next week.



LOST SHIPS THAT CAME BACK

Ocean Romances that are Hard to Believe.

IT seems well nigh incredible that in these days a vessel, sailing an ordinary trade route, should disappear so completely as not to be seen by any other ship or even sighted by a signal station for seven months.

Yet this is precisely what happened recently to the iron four-masted sailing ship *Afghanistan* owned by the British and Eastern Shipping Company. She set sail from San Francisco in December, bound for Liverpool, and nothing whatever was seen or heard of her until one Sunday night in July last, when she cast anchor in the Mersey.

The first stage of her journey—that to Cape Horn—is usually considered a lonely one, but to round the "Cape of Storms" without hearing a cry of "Sail, ho!" is most unusual. Off the Plate River, too, is a crowded locality. But the greatest mystery of all is how she possibly managed to cross the "Doldrums"—that area of calms wherein dozens of sailing vessels are usually to be found huddled together, idle as painted ships upon a painted ocean, without being spoken to or speaking.

Such "silent voyages," however—though, of course, very exceptional—are by no means unique. Indeed, on one occasion a vessel was actually on the eve of being twice "posted" at Lloyd's during one trip, and yet turned up safe and sound in the end. The name of the craft in question was the *Pym*, and the voyage was from the United States to Japan. She took five and a half months to reach the Straits of Anjer, and was neither seen nor spoken to by any other ship in the meantime. Consequently, the insurance premiums advanced to something like 60 per cent.

NEARLY "POSTED" TWICE AT LLOYD'S.

Curiously enough, a precisely similar state of affairs prevailed during the second and concluding stage of her journey. Nothing was seen or heard of her for a further period of nearly six months, and the premiums again soared upwards—this time to close upon 70 per cent.—when she, for a second time—falsified all predictions and expectations by arriving—very battered and weather-worn, but in sound and seaworthy condition—at her destination.

On the second occasion, as on the first, the notice was actually written out ready for display at Lloyd's, and would have been on the fateful board in another few minutes, when the news of her safe arrival came flashing over the wires. What this means—how completely hope had been abandoned by her underwriters, may be understood by the lay reader when it is stated that there exists no single recorded instance of a ship once "posted" being afterwards reported safe.

Of course there have been some narrow escapes, but none so narrow or so close as that of the *Pym*. One of which members are never tired of talking, was that of which a little coasting vessel was the hero some few years back. Nothing having been heard of her for several weeks, after having set out on a voyage whose duration in the ordinary course of events ought to have been reckoned by days, she was ordered to be "posted."

THE CREW WENT HAYMAKING.

Now, when a ship is once posted, it means that the ship is presumed lost, the crew dead, and the insurance money becomes immediately payable by the underwriters to the brokers. Naturally, therefore, the underwriters wanted to know how it came about that this coaster should disappear so mysteriously and completely from mortal ken. Had she been a deep-sea ship, they argued, it would have been different. Instances innumerable exist of such vessels being swallowed up, as it were, in mid-ocean, leaving not "a wrack behind." But never yet has a coaster been lost without some of her spars or timbers coming ashore. So the underwriters interested asked for forty-eight hours' grace, and telegraphed to every coast-guard station round the west coast of Ireland, off which the missing craft had last been seen, offering a substantial reward for any definite information—good, bad, or indifferent.

In the result, news was received that the little craft was snugly ensconced in a lonely haven near Bantry Bay. One man, an ordinary seaman, was found aboard of her. The captain, together with the rest of his crew, was on shore, busily occupied in—haymaking.

Very thrilling, not to say gruesome, is the story of the *Knightsbridge*, long overdue and given up as lost three times, abandoned by two crews in succession, yet brought safely into port at last. She was first sighted in the Indian Ocean, on fire and far out of her course, by the *British Sceptre* East Indiaman, who sent a boat to ascertain whether any assistance could be rendered. She appeared derelict, for no answer was returned to any amount of hailing, so the *Sceptre's* boat's crew boarded her, to find that the sailors, after fighting the flames for ten days, had given it up as a bad job and broken into the spirit room. The captain, in sheer desperation, so he afterwards said, had followed suit, after first battening down the hatches, and there, sprawling in various uncouth attitudes about the poop deck, were the whole batch of them in a dead drunken sleep.

On being roused, the drink-maddened men attacked their would-be helpers, whom they regarded as intruders, and a terrific melée ensued, ending in the *Knightsbridge's* crew being overpowered, triced up man by man, pitched into boats, and carried prisoners aboard the *British Sceptre*. A salvage crew of volunteers was then placed on board the burning ship, and they, in their turn, fought the flames and navigated the vessel for ten more weary days, at the end of which time, thinking she was doomed, they in their turn abandoned her.

Weeks after she was boarded again by a French barque, but in the meantime she must have been fallen in with by some other ship, for the flames had been subdued, and, moreover, the Frenchmen found on board of her the charred body of a man who certainly did not belong to either her original crew or the salvage crew placed on her by the *British Sceptre*. She was eventually towed into Bangoon, and an inquiry was held, but the mystery was never elucidated.

The story of the French ship *Le Rodeur* forms the basis of Whittier's stirring stanzas "The Slave Ships." She sailed from Bonny, in Africa, on April 3rd, 1819, with a crew of twenty-two men, and carrying as cargo 160 slaves. Shortly after quitting port, while lying becalmed near the equator, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It broke out first among the wretched captives below, thirty-six of whom, having become hopelessly blind, were thrown quick into the sea, where they were devoured by the shoals of sharks that lay round the hapless ship.

A SHIP OF BLIND MEN.

On the seventeenth day out the infection spread to the crew, and by the nineteenth only one solitary sailor was left with his sight unimpaired, and he understood nothing of navigation. He steered the vessel, however, as best he could; but meanwhile the water ran short, and the remaining slaves, restricted to half a wineglassful a day, died wholesale.

In the midst of their misery a sail was sighted. It was the Spanish slaver *Leon*. The same disease had been there, and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind. Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *Rodeur* blundered quite by accident into the port of Guadaloupe, after she had been given up alike by owners and underwriters; and on the very day of her arrival the only sailor left unblinded by the fell complaint caught the contagion.

Undoubtedly, however, the most striking example of a ship and crew coming to life again after having been given up as hopelessly lost, is afforded by the case of William Dampier, buccaneer, circumnavigator, hydrographer, and author. In his solitary tiny ship he sailed right round the world, taking twelve years to accomplish the voyage, during the whole of which time no tidings of him reached England.

When he at length reached home his own wife failed to recognise him, so terribly was he changed by the hardships he had undergone, while of the wives of the seventeen married members of his crew, no fewer than fourteen had—with that fickleness proverbial among seamen's spouses—wedded again. Dampier was a brave man, but a rough, tyrannical bully to his men. He is worthy, though, of being forgiven much, for he it was who "marooned" Alexander Selkirk on Juan Fernandez, and thereby rendered possible the writing of "Robinson Crusoe."

MISS HUGGINS: "My father is very good at reading faces."

Mr. Kissam: "Then I had better not print any kisses here."

THE firemen were industriously trying to extinguish a blaze in a public-house the other night, when an impecunious Irishman who had been drinking "on tick" said to his friend in the brigade:

"If you love me, Mike, play on the slate."

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK: "I see by this paper that some statistician discovered that the average woman carries from forty to sixty miles of hair on her head."

Mr. Crimsonbeak: "And then she makes trouble if her husband happens to carry a couple of yards of it on his coat sleeve."

WHEELMAN: "I believe I'll give up bicycling. I am as careful as can be, but every now and then some accident happens. This is the second time I've been arrested and fined for running into people."

Businessman: "I'll tell you how to manage. Just you get a job as bill collector. Everybody'll dodge you then."

SIX-YEAR-OLD Eric found it dull work playing football all alone. Why shouldn't mother play, too. There she was, sitting sewing in the drawing-room window.

"Mother come out and have a game at football with me!"

"Can't play, dear boy."

"That's the worst of having a woman for a mother!" Eric scornfully remarked as he strutted off.

TOWNS OF BOW-LEGGED PEOPLE.

K-Legged Keighley and O-Legged Oldham.

"KAY-LEGGED Keyethler, yah!" jeered grimy Normanton.

Ever since Mr. Carnegie promised to grant the growing manufacturing town a big sum of money with which to found a municipal library, Keighley has been suffering a little from "swelled head," its neighbouring towns say.

Normanton, as is only natural in a colliery town, is not exactly white, and it lost its temper when Keighley vaunted, with curling lip, that it was about to admit all its school children to the baths free.

"I wish to become noted for my cleanliness and healthiness, and for the superior physical and mental characteristics of my inhabitants," Keighley had said, speaking at, rather than to, Normanton. "What with my free library, and my free baths, I have little doubt that I shall succeed. There will be no coal-blacked faces in Keighley then."

It was at this point that excitable Normanton began to call the bigger town names. Throughout the surrounding country Keighley is commonly known as K-legged Keighley, or as the town's name is pronounced, Key-eth-le. It is so known owing to the great number of Keighley people who have their lower limbs formed like the letter K—that is, one leg straight and the other leg crooked, or knock-kneed.

"You need talk," Keighley continued indignantly. "Why there are not five per cent. of your inhabitants who have straight legs. You are a town of bow-legged people."

"What of that?" said Normanton. "I'm proud of it, for whoever heard of bow-legged people who were not sharp and especially clever? All my bow-legged people are healthy in body and mind, and I'm not a town of distorted humanity, like you. I'd sooner have inhabitants with honest bent legs than be a mixture of a club-foot town and a stiff-joint town like you, Mid-Norton."

"My crooked legs are caused by honest labour, like bow-legged Barnsley's."

Barnsley then had something to relate. It explained that when a man had to work in a seam of coal only two feet high, into which a man unused to the work could not crawl, it was not to be wondered at that the collier's limbs were twisted out of the straight.

"Look what arms and chests Barnsley folk have," it exclaimed enthusiastically. "They never have Charley on their backs."

Barnsley meant that its bow-legged people are not round shouldered, as are the inhabitants of manufacturing towns.

"Hullo, here comes O-legged Oldham," Normanton exclaimed delightedly, evidently overjoyed at being able to give a nick-name to the Lancashire town.

Oldham has the reputation of possessing more bow-legged people than any town in this country. The legs of many of its inhabitants are so badly crooked that they form quite a circle.

"Hilly roads, Normanton, hilly roads," it explained.

"I suppose hilly roads are responsible for Wakefield and Leeds being in the van of bow-legged towns," derisively resumed the colliery town.

"It's the great purity of our respective supply of water that is responsible for that," was the explanation offered by the first-named town. "There is a deficiency of lime salts in the water. This is the reason there are so many rickety children, and this is the reason our inhabitants have such poor teeth."

"Yes," added Leeds, "we have poor teeth, Sheffield has bald pates, and Glasgow defective eyesight. It is the penalty of life in manufacturing towns."

"Rot," disgustedly exclaimed Edinburgh. "How is it that Glasgow is the only bow-legged town in Scotland?"

"Soft-water," laconically answered the Second City.

"Nonsense. If it were the water your better-class inhabitants would suffer; as it is, the malformed limbs are only found in the South Side, where there are thousands of distorted people. It is all caused by the culpable carelessness of your womenfolk, who make the poor wee bairns walk before the cartilage in the legs has become firm enough to bear the weight of the body."

"Careless mothers don't cause my bow-legs," interposed Newmarket.

"Nor mine," added Newcastle.

"Why are the cotton towns, towns of bow-legged people?" queried Edinburgh, disregarding the interruption. "Because the women earn higher wages than the men, and while the women go to the mill the men are left at home to look after the children. The wee things are allowed to crawl and double up their poor unformed limbs, until they set out of all shape."

"What about the nurseries for children of women weavers, like those I possess," said a Derbyshire town.

"Anything like those in use at Wigan, Glossop?" caustically queried Rochdale.

"What are they?"

"Peggy-tubs," came the acrid reply. "When Wigan mothers go to work they leave the children in charge of women, each of whom takes a batch. These women stand the little ones in rows inside washtubs out of the way. When the mother comes back all she has to do is to sort out her child from the batch of babies standing up in the tub! That's why Wigan is a bow-legged town."

If you know the names of any actors and actresses you will stand a good chance of securing a prize in the big Name-Hunting Competition which starts next week.

Animals and Insects that Break the Law

"A TRAIN 'held up' by grasshoppers!" you may exclaim. "Absurd!" Yet this actually took place in a district of France during the past midsummer. Enormous swarms of grasshoppers invaded the district, advancing in dense masses along the railway cuttings. The countless horde covered the rails, blotting out the track, and succeeded in stopping a goods train near Pampron. It took a gang of navvies over twenty minutes to remove the slain. The way had to be cleared with shovels, and the wheels of the engine cleaned before the train could proceed.

Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had its manse burgled by an elephant the other day. A circus visited the place and the nefarious animal was left for the night on the green. Early in the morning after the performance he cast off his moorings and strolled off for a tour on its own account. Eventually he came to the manse, and set about to burgle it.

He managed to squeeze his way through a small entry which led to the back premises. On arriving at the door of the manse the sagacious animal managed to open it. As the entrance was too small, he got over the difficulty by shoving down a part of the side wall, and he effected an entrance into the kitchen in the same way, by removing part of the wall. After this he breakfasted by helping himself to a loaf of bread and other trifles.

The noise awakened the people who were in bed upstairs. They thought that burglars were in the house, and so they shouted for help. Finally, the good-humoured burglar was induced by his keeper to leave the premises into which he had broken.

RHINOCEROS TRAIN-WRECKERS.

According to a Government report recently published, these unwieldly animals often commit acts of brigandage at the railway stations in the East African Protectorate. Occasionally they occupy a station, and, in their curiosity, ravage the booking-office, and steal tickets which cannot be accounted for afterwards when the officials resume possession.

The obstinate and less intelligent rhinoceros is a bold, bad wrecker of the old style. He lies in wait for the train in some narrow cutting, and there "holds it up." He does this by the simple plan of getting into the track and charging the approaching engine. He usually succeeds in derailing the train, though he perishes in doing so.

Two swarms of bees have been guilty of atrocious conduct in defying the Government of this country. Both swarms are sets of pirates. The one at Pointon, near Billingborough, besieged and took possession of the post-office letter-box. The postmaster had an exciting time extracting the letters with a pair of tongs. He gradually withdrew them, though the insects had to be shaken off the letters.

The other case is far more serious, and ended in the the Postmaster-General offering a reward for the capture of the law-breaking scoundrels. They seized possession of the letter-box at Mullingar, and resisted all the plans of the post-office authorities to dislodge them. The freebooters would not allow anybody to remove the letters, and a deadlock resulted. Resource was had to the Postmaster-General, who, it was subsequently announced, would reward with 2s. any person dislodging the bees. This tempting offer has produced no result.

WASP LAMB-KILLERS.

Bee freebooters have been very busy this year. A swarm invaded the parish church at Bicker, in Lincolnshire, and turned out the choir and clergy. Some, at Colliston, have actually become murderers.

The queen of a cast of bees found her way into the mouth of a plough-horse and the workers immediately followed her. Ultimately they found their way down the throat of the unfortunate animal and into its stomach. The horse, consequently, was put into agonising pain, and madly rushed all over the fields until it became exhausted and fell to the ground. After several hours of agony it succumbed.

Wasps also have committed crimes as atrocious this autumn. A swarm of virulent and persistent wasps attacked a flock of lambs which were being driven through the Braes of Balquhidder. They followed the flock for miles and were successful in capturing fifty lambs which the wounded shepherds had to leave lying at the roadside.

So bad were affairs in Lincolnshire that all the grocers' assistants were obliged to wear veils to protect themselves from the attacks of the bloodthirsty creatures. The wasps robbed the orchards shamefully, leaving behind them nothing but apple shells.

New Mills, in Derbyshire, is beseiged by rats. The beseiging army numbers many thousands, and bodies of New Mills men are at work with rifles shooting shoals of them. The district is in such a state of panic that numbers of people are afraid of opening their doors. In spite of the great slaughter, the rodents have not retired from the field yet.

At Whippingham the rats have made a successful raid. They inflicted a loss of £50 upon one poor human being. Cramlington, on the other had, has been stormed by a horde of frogs. The lanes and streets teem with young amphibians, which cause the greatest distress to the peaceful inhabitants.

A very remarkable crime has been committed by a brigand of a beetle. Mrs. Pegrume, of North Weald, was stung on the arm by some insect, with the result that her arm swelled in an alarming manner. Dr. Fowler discovered, on probing the wound, a live beetle, half an inch long, under the flesh. Apparently an egg was deposited when the sting was inserted, and the warmth of the arm caused it to hatch. The doctor has taken the brigand prisoner.

An orang-outang recently broke out of prison at Sittingbourne, and was not captured until an exciting chase had occurred. More alarming still was the result of an accident by which two tigers were let loose in the streets of Ramsgate the other day. The horse attached to the van bolted, and upset the cage containing the wild creatures, causing the folding doors to fly open. The streets had been thronged; inside a minute the crowds of people, aided by the deep growls, had vanished. Fortunately, the animals were too astonished to emerge from the van.

PIRATES ON THE THAMES.

Of all animals boys appear to be the most criminal. Such are the "Terrors of Daisy Nook," who recently posted the following startling notice to an Ashton-under-Lyne man:

"Notice.—The Black Ring of Justice hereby warns you that terrible shall be your fate unless you undo the wrong you have done this last few days to your neighbour. Take heed. Terrible shall be our vengeance. —(Signed) The Black Ring of Justice.—Yours truly, the Secretary."

This remarkable document was read out in the police-court at Ashton. More romantic is the tale of the Pirates of Wapping, recently unfolded at the Thames police-court.

Five Shadwell boys got into a small boat and set out for a day's holiday. All went well until Wapping was sighted; there they noticed that other small boats were flying from a boat occupied by four lads. This boat was rapidly rowed to them, and in a short time they were boarded by the bold, bad buccaneers.

The buccaneers used to remain hidden in a small creek until they descried a sail, when they pulled out in all haste. In this case they swore that, if the captured crew did not give them a penny each, they would sink their boat and drown them. Laden with plunder, they left without making the luckless ones walk the plank, and set off in chase of another prize.

The unromantic Thames police fitted out a punitive expedition and captured the band of boy buccaneers, so that piracy on the Thames is exterminated.

WHERE THE CHESTNUTS COME FROM.

THE work of cultivating the chestnut tree and preparing the nuts for the market is carried on to a very large extent in France; the centre of this industry is Lyons, but in many of the departments the chestnut affords work for thousands of people. The chestnuts grown across the Channel are of various kinds and sizes. The two distinctive names are marron and chataigne; the former made know to us by the famous *marron glacé*, is a grafted species, while the latter grows wild.

In some parts of France, chestnuts form a very important article of food; they are boiled, pulverised, and eaten like mashed potatoes. Baked chestnuts are sold from door to door in most towns and villages during the autum and winter.

In confectionery, the chestnut occupies a conspicuous place; every confectioner prepares them. There are large establishments all over the country where chestnuts are prepared during the season; the largest of these is in Lyons, where more than 200 girls and women are employed. No fewer than 25,000,000lb. of chestnuts are annually prepared by this firm, the season lasting only four months. The rest of the year is devoted to the preserving of other fruits.

The nuts are first peeled and then boiled in clear water: then the inside skin is removed and they are placed in a syrup, flavoured with manilla, in which they remain for three days. After draining, the chestnuts are treated with a coating of vanilla and packed in boxes.

"I WOUNDED a turkey once," said the unsuspected liar, "so big that it took five men to hold him." After the usual expressions had been passed round, he continued: "I meant, to hold him after he was cooked."

"THERE is always room at the top, young man," said the coal merchant to the lad who wanted to know if there was a place for him in the office.

"Yes; I've noticed that whenever I've seen the sacks in your waggons go by," said the youth.

But for all this evidence of his being a close observer he did not get the berth.

CHILDREN WHO COMMANDED ARMIES.

Instances in which Boys have Organised Rebellion.

THE story, telegraphed to Brussels from Pretoria, that one of the commandoes now operating in Cape Colony is being led by Andreas Meyers, a lad of only sixteen, may or may not be true. It is certain, however, that children fully as young have played equally as prominent a part in former wars.

Carlo Vella, for instance, the stormy petrel of the Garibaldian revolution, was barely sixteen, when, in the summer of 1859, he raised the people of Ferrara, proclaimed a free and United Italy, and set out to march on Rome. He was taken prisoner and shot, and his following dispersed, but he sowed the seeds of a movement which culminated soon afterwards in the triumph of the cause he had so deeply at heart.

Then again, there was the similar gallant attempt, made in May, 1866, by Stamakati, the fifteen-year-old Cretan patriot, to shake off the Turkish rule. Gathering round him a band of youthful mountaineers as brave and as hardy as himself, he for months defied successfully the entire Turkish army of occupation. At length, however, he was beseiged in the monastery of Arkadi; and, in order to avoid capture, blew it, himself, and his followers into the air.

Although some accounts place the age of the fisher-lad Masanielo, who, in 1647, led the Neapolitans to victory against their Spanish oppressors at twenty-four, there is little real doubt but that he was a much younger man, probably not more than seventeen or at the most eighteen, years old. This is partly proved by the fact that it was his participation in a boyish game, which led to the uprising. On the feast of St. Maria del Carmine, it was (and is) customary for the youth of Naples to build a sort of miniature castle, which was defended by one body of lads armed with sticks and attacked by another.

Masanielo was chosen the leader of one of these parties, and seized the opportunity to raise the cry of "down with the taxes." The cry was eagerly taken up by a populace already seething with discontent.

In a few days Masanielo found himself at the head of an army of 150,000 men; while an incredible number of women armed, like Amazons, also obeyed his orders.

The leader of the big insurrection directed against the French in Sicily, and known to this day as the "Sicilian Vespers," was a youth of between seventeen and eighteen, whose sweetheart had been insulted by a French soldier. He strangled the ruffian with his bare hands—the Sicilians had been forbidden to carry arms under pain of death—and rushed through the main street of Palermo excitedly calling on the citizens to rise against their oppressors.

This they immediately did, and to such good purpose that by evening not a single one of the hated race was left alive within the walls. Then, putting himself at the head of a hastily-organised force armed with the weapons looted from their dead enemies, the instigator of the revolt stormed in rapid succession Conigio, Carini, Mazaro, Marsala, and several other places of lesser note, everywhere putting the garrisons to the sword and confiscating their arms and possessions. It is said that some 28,000 Frenchmen perished in this terrible uprising.

After the disastrous battle of Almanza (Spain), where, for almost the first time in history, a large and well-equipped British force was totally routed in fair fight, some four thousand men retired northward into the hills. So terrible had been the loss of officers, however, that only one, a sixteen-year-old ensign named Hunt, was left unwounded to take over the command. He did his best, and was ably assisted by several old non-commissioned officers.

Nevertheless, not more than 50 per cent. of his command reached their objective, Valencia. Of the rest, hundreds perished of starvation, many were killed by the armed guerillas who swarmed on our rear, and not a few deserted and settled among the people of the country, where their descendants, so it is said, may be found to this day.

Undoubtedly, however, the most remarkable instance of boys commanding armies is furnished by that pathetic and awful tragedy known to history as the Children's Crusade. Here, not only the leaders, but the rank and file were children. None but innocent hands, it was argued, could successfully undertake the conquest of the Holy City.

So, in the spring of 1212, there set out from France some 30,000 boys and girls under the leadership of a lad named Stephen, while Germany contributed another similar "army," commanded by a fifteen-year-old peasant named Nicholas.

The result was precisely what might have been foreseen. The sea devoured thousands. Thousands more perished miserably of starvation and exposure. Others were carried away captive by the wild Bedouins of the desert. Not one, among all the vast multitude, even so much as set eyes upon Jerusalem. And few, very few, lived to return to the homes and parents they had quitted so lightly and with such high hopes.

Don't forget to remind your friends that a big competition starts next week in which you have to discover the names of actors and actresses.

Romances of the "Are You There?" Machine.

A SHORT while ago the bandmaster of the R.M.S. *Briton*, on the eve of that steamer's departure for South Africa, discovered that his leader had disappeared. He at once telephoned to a well-known London musical agency, stating that it would spoil his band should he be obliged to proceed on the voyage without a first violin: could they supply one? Having several on their books the reply was, "Yes; ring us up again in an hour's time."

Telegraphing to several, three violinists put in an appearance and awaited the call from Southampton. Promptly at the expiration of sixty minutes the telephone bell tinkled, and the *Briton* bandmaster's voice was heard.

"Have you found suitable violinist?"

"Oh, yes; we have three waiting. Would you like to hear one?"

"Ah! it would be a novelty to hear a violin seventy-nine miles away. Ask the one you consider most suitable to come to the telephone with his instrument and play"

"Belle of New York."

"Capital. He fingers well. Tell him we have much more difficult selections than that."

"Oh! it was the first thing that came into his head, and he has been accustomed to London orchestras."

"Has he? Well, he brings his notes out well. Engage him. Send him down first train in the morning. Good-bye."

HEARING THE WRONG VOICE.

That any sane business man should enter into a transaction involving thousands of pounds with a voice seems, to say the least of it, a somewhat startling proposition. Yet this is what a well-known Throgmorton Street broker really did, much to his present disgust. He received a call one morning in a voice which he thought he recognised as belonging to one of his clients, and on the faith of the message bought certain stocks, which afterwards turned out to be valueless.

The client, on being applied to for payment, disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction; and, moreover, was able to prove that he could not possibly have been the sender of the message in question, inasmuch as at the time it was supposed to have been spoken by him into a transmitter somewhere in London, he was, as a matter of fact, yachting in the Mediterranean. In the end, the broker had to admit that he had been cleverly victimised by some clever scoundrel; but the identity of the latter, despite the most elaborate inquiries and investigations, carried out by a small army of private detectives, remains a mystery.

For a public singer to learn a song—words, air, and accompaniment—which she had never before heard, from the lips of the composer thereof, while the latter was 500 miles away, would have seemed nothing less than miraculous to music-lovers of even a generation or two ago. Yet this was the feat performed by a well-known American vocalist the other day. She was billed to sing the ditty in question at Chicago in the evening, and about mid-day the alarming discovery was made that the copy dispatched from Buffalo two days before was not yet to hand.

LEARNING A SONG OVER 500 MILES OF WIRE.

The long distance telephone was called into requisition, the composer was luckily at home, and from there, sitting comfortably in his arm-chair, he sang and played into the transmitter the song in question for six or seven minutes at a stretch. Then he would put down the transmitter, take up the receiver, and the situation would be reversed, the singer at the other end repeating the words and notes, while he listened during a like length of time. And these tactics were repeated alternately—singer and composer taking it in turns to sing and play the song over and over again to one another—for over two hours, at the end of which time the fair vocalist was pronounced perfect by her five-hundred-mile-distant mentor. The telephone bill came to 400 dollars (say £80), but the Chicago public got the song that had been promised them.

The girls at the "Central" are never tired of telling of the remarkable little romance that befell one of their number some time since. A certain confidential clerk to a firm of solicitors was so taken with the sweet voice and obliging disposition of the lady in question that he actually made her a proposal of marriage by telephone, although he had never seen her. Moreover, he stipulated that they were not to see each other until they got better acquainted—by wire; and to this end (since private telephonic conversation with subscribers is strictly forbidden to the "hello girls") he paid to have an installation placed in her father's private residence. He already had one at his own house, and by this arrangement they talked to one another by the hour together, and got to know all about each other's likes and dislikes while yet personally unacquainted.

In the end, of course, they came together, and, each liking the other's appearance as well as they had already learned to like one another's dispositions, a wedding quickly followed. It is said that the relation of this little story to the talented composer of "Hello! ma baby!" by a friend who had heard it from one of the girls, was directly responsible for the birth of that exceedingly charming little ditty.

In American hotels a telephone in every room is well-nigh the universal rule. This led to a swindler being cleverly caught in Philadelphia the other day. He had victimised the proprietor of a fashionable "up town" New York hostelry, besides "getting away" with a quantity of valuable jewellery, the property of another guest. Inquiries elicited that he had booked a passage to the "Quaker City," and the New York proprietor shrewdly guessed that he would start the same game there, and would commence by putting up at one of the best hotels. So he began telephoning to them one after the other giving a description of the man, and asking if anyone answering to it had registered there.

At the third attempt he got an answer in the affirmative.

"Where is he now?" was the next query by New York.

"In his room," replied Philadelphia. "Can you switch me through to him?"

"Certainly," and it was done.

One of the chambermaids at the New York establishment was then called to put a few irrevelant questions about a wholly imaginary assignation, while the victimised proprietor glued his ear to the duplicate receiver. As he had expected, back came the answer in the well-known tones of his late guest. To ring off the hotel in question, and then ring on to the Philadelphian Central Police Station was the work of a couple of minutes only, and Mr. Swindler was arrested before he had had time to even begin to wonder who the unknown lady admirer was who had called him by name out of the unknown.

RINGING UP FROM THE GRAVE.

Telephoning from the grave sounds uncanny, and also impossible of accomplishment. Yet such a feat was actually accomplished recently at the principle cemetery at Florence. A young and beautiful girl of patrician lineage, named Teresa Allesandi, had been consigned to the family vault in a trance, under the mistaken impression that she was dead.

Fortunately, for her, a relative, who was wont to pay periodical visits to the tiny mortuary chapel, forming an annex to the sepulchre, for the pious purpose of reciting masses for the repose of the souls of those resting therein, and who had also been possessed, apparently, of a very healthy regard for her own mundane comfort and well-being, had had a telephone installed in the building so that the domestics in the adjoining chateau might be enabled the more easily to notify her that luncheon or dinner, as the case might be, was ready.

It was this apparatus that was utilised by the terrified girl, when she awoke startled and trembling from the sleep that her friends had mistaken for death. Entangled in her grave clothes, screaming incessantly in the very agony of terror, she groped and stumbled her way to the instrument, and "rang up." Never certainly since Bell's marvellous invention was first given to the world, has the familiar "Are you there?" been uttered under more gruesome or more dramatic circumstances. Fortunately she was heard and rescued; and that she was at all events very much alive no longer ago than January, 1890, is conclusively proved by the fact of her having been specially presented to the late King Humbert at Monza, on the 26th of that month, just three days prior to his assassination.

"MY piano is very much like my trousers' pockets. When my wife goes into them she often finds nothing but keys, and then there is music."

SHE: "Poor Harold looks the picture of misery since I refused him."

He (the successful rival): "Picture, eh? Then he'd better go and hang himself!"

YOUR GILLS AND FINS.

IT is not uncommon, more especially among the lower classes, to hear remarks about one's gills. "He looked blue about the gills," says one speaker; while another will threaten a cheeky urchin with punishment in the same region. Those who use the word have no idea that we really have traces of gills—and fins also—and that they are reminders of the fact that man passed through the fish stage.

The gills are the long, almost upright muscles that stand out on each side of the throat, and the remains of his fins are tiny, projecting muscles half way down the side. These latter have a "finny" appearance. Some people have two sets of these muscles, but it is very rare indeed to find a person who has no trace of them. It is said that if we spent more time in the water, these fins would develop again.

The human form has a trace of a lost tail, but there is nothing that bears any resemblance to wings, which last fact is taken as a proof that we did not pass through the bird stage in our development to a higher state.

CANDIED VIOLETS AND PICKLED ROSES.

Some of the Flowers we Use as Food.

ONE of the best known of English edible flowers is the nasturtium. Usually the showy and warm-tasting blossoms are served, in conjunction with the young leaves, in the form of a salad; but they are also frequently boiled, and in some remote country districts they are dried, pulverised, and used as a condiment. In fact the nasturtium derives its name from the pepper-like flavour of the flower; while its other, and more popular appellation, the Indian cress, also bears witness to its proved dietetic value.

Cowslip puddings are highly esteemed in Sussex, Devonshire, and in certain country districts in the Midlands. It takes some thousands of blossoms, however, to make a family dish, and to many even not over-sentimental people such a disposition of one of Nature's fairest gifts will seem something akin to outrage. About the goodness of the dish, however, from a purely gastronomic standpoint, there can be no question. It is sweet and succulent, without being sickly, with a peculiar and delicious flavour of its own, reminiscent of honey, but honey transformed and etherealized.

Cloves, which are used so largely in many culinary operations, are the dried and prepared flowers of a beautiful evergreen tree, which grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, and is a native of the small group of islands in the Indian Archipelago called the Moluccas, or Spice Islands. Naturally these flowers are of a delicate pink colour, the uniform brown tint of the clove of commerce being given by ever so slightly smoking them over a wood fire. The half-opened blossoms are gathered very carefully and quickly, usually in December, and are first cleaned, and afterwards dried before they have had an opportunity to exhale their perfume.

The capers in the sauce you use with your boiled mutton are pickled flowers. The caper plant is a trailing thorny shrub, in habits and appearance not very much unlike the English bramble, and bears a number of handsome blooms of a pinkish white colour. It is cultivated in Sicily and the South of France. In commercial circles, capers are valued according to the period at which the flowers are gathered and preserved. The finest are the young, tender, half-opened buds, and are called "nonpareil"; after which, gradually increasing in size and decreasing in value, come "superfine," "fine," "capucin," and "capot."

In many of the Western and Southern states of America, the flowers of a particular species of pumpkin-vine are considered a great delicacy. They are yellow in colour, fleshy, and about the size of a five-shilling piece. The blooms are plucked before the petals are fully expanded, baked or stewed in fresh milk, and flavoured with the dried and pulverised seeds of the gourd itself.

Frequently—though not invariably—you are shaking dried and powdered flowers over your vegetables and into your soup, when you use the pepper-caster. There are four principal kinds of pepper known in the trade: black, white, red, and "long." It is this latter which is made from flowers, the plant yielding them being known to botanists as the *Piper Longum*. It is cultivated in Ceylon, Malabar, Bengal, Timor, and the Philippines; and large quantities of its curious product are annually brought into the port of London. In many parts of the world, too, the flowers of the myrtle, dried and pulverised, are used as a substitute for pepper.

Undoubtedly, however, the most common of all edible blossoms is the broccoli, or cauliflower, which is merely the inflorescence of the plant modified by cultivation so as to form the compact, succulent white mass, or head, with which we are all more or less familiar. In the South Seas, again, we have the cabbage-palm, so called because, at certain seasons of the year, it develops among its topmost branches a round, compact, vegetable mass, having the appearance and flavour of the vegetable in question. The "cabbage," however, is but the flower-bud of the tree, gathered before it has had time to expand and develop.

Finally, mention ought to be made of the delicious and dainty candied violets and rose-leaves, which came from Yankee-land originally, but which are now to be found at all the best English confectioners. If any male reader of this article is troubled with doubts regarding the popularity of this particular species of flower-food, especially among the members of the opposite sex, all he has to do is to suggest a trial of the same to his intended, or, supposing he does not yet boast of such a luxury, to his sister, his cousin, or his aunt. He will very quickly discover that not only are flowers so prepared a highly esteemed delicacy, but a highly expensive one to boot.

LITTLE Johnny Fizzletop is a Newcastle boy, who has been obliged for many years to wear the cast-off clothing of his elder brother, Bob. Johnny never gets anything until Bob has finished with it. A few days ago Bob had a dreadful toothache, and it was decided that the aching tooth should be extracted.

"You may pull all his teeth out if you like," said Johnny, "but I ain't going to have them afterwards, I can tell you that straight."

Everyone knows the name of some actor or actress. Therefore, the Name-Hunting Competition which starts next week will be open to all.

DROPPING 11,000 FEET.

My Chat with the Bravest Woman in England.

It is not Miss Alma Beaumont herself who lays claim to the proud title of "The bravest woman in England." Indeed, for a young lady who, twice a week on an average, drops a few thousand feet through space in order to earn a living, she is of an exceedingly modest and retiring disposition. But her friends and admirers, and they are many, are not so backward in coming forward. Hence the soubriquet.

Miss Beaumont, as most people are aware, is a parachutist, and she is, moreover, the first and only Englishwoman who took up and consistently followed as a profession this exceedingly hazardous occupation.

At present she is resting at her pretty little home in South London, and here the writer found her, looking as cool and collected as though she had not, on that very day week, dropped from far above the clouds through some 5,000 feet of empty air.

Of course, she has had some narrow escapes, for she has been parachuting over nine years now. Nevertheless, she makes light of them all.

"It is no more dangerous than fox-hunting," she declares emphatically, in answer to a query. She admits, however, that her first descent tried her nerves terribly.

"I went up," she explained, "to a height of between 7,000 and 8,000 feet; fully 3,000 more than I had intended or than had been arranged. Fact is, I was afraid to let go. Then it occurred to me that if I didn't do the deed my balloon would go up, up, up, until it burst, and precipitated me willy-nilly into space. That decided me. I let go. Then I screamed. The earth came flying up to meet me; and I was dropping downwards through nothingness at the rate, as it seemed to me, of about two thousand miles a minute.

"Presently, however, the parachute expanded, my rate of progression rapidly decreased, and almost before I realised what had happened I found myself bobbing up and down between heaven and earth like a penny doll at the end of a bit of elastic. Then, by degrees and in jerks, the earth drew nearer. I could see the people's faces, hear their voices. And presently, I settled upon *terra firma*, as lightly and I hope as gracefully as a butterfly alighting on a flower."

Miss Beaumont's "closest shave," to quote her own words, was at Aberdeen, in April, 1895. She let go at a height of 5,000 feet, intending to drop in the open country north of the city. But she had miscalculated the strength and direction of the wind, and to her horror she found herself falling among a lot of tall warehouses and factories. Her parachute landed on a roof, collapsed, and rolled down the sloping tiles to the ground, forty feet below. Miss Beaumont came very near following it. Indeed she only saved herself by clutching the iron gutter that ran along the eaves; remaining there suspended until she was rescued, just in the nick of time, by a ladder which had been hastily requisitioned from a neighbouring fire-station.

Yet another remarkable ascent took place at Folkestone. The wind was all right at starting, but at about 500 feet from the ground—much too near to let go with safety—the balloon commenced travelling towards the sea. Miss Beaumont held on till she had attained an altitude of 4,000 feet, and by that time the English coast was away off on her lee. She descended some three miles out in the Channel, opposite Dover and was in the water over two hours ere she was rescued by a passing smack.

"Luckily," she remarked drily in relating this latter incident, "I am a first-rate swimmer. Indeed, I was with Captain Boynton's Water Show before I took to parachuting."

The balloon which Miss Beaumont uses in her ascents was made especially for her, and has a capacity of about 12,000 cubic feet. It cost, with the parachute, £75.

Ordinary coal gas is used to inflate it, and as soon as she lets go it turns itself upside down and deflates itself automatically. The parachute measures twenty feet in diameter, and is made of several thicknesses of the finest China silk. It is attached to the balloon by a thin cord, which is broken by the weight of the aeronaut's body as soon as she lets go her hold.

Five thousand feet is, Miss Beaumont considers, an ideal height for a descent. But she has let go at as low as 1,500 feet; and once, at Glasgow, she came down from an altitude of 11,000. The chief danger in descending from heights of more than 8,000 or 9,000 feet, is that the view is extremely likely to be obscured by clouds, thereby increasing a thousand-fold the difficulty of forecasting the place where on to alight.

From two to four minutes is about the average time occupied in the downward passage through the air, but she has been as long as twenty minutes; and once, owing to the parachute failing to fill out properly, she dropped the whole 5,000 feet in a trifle under thirty-five seconds!

NEW AND STRANGE.

A new way to make Röntgen rays is to allow ordinary light to fall on a plate of aluminium electrified with negative electricity. The ultra-violet rays cause the X rays to issue from the plate on the side opposite to that on which the light falls.

A patent automatic photographing machine has been invented by an American, who proposes to work it on the penny-in-the-slot system. It will take and complete your picture in twenty seconds. The invention is patented, and cost £3,600 to work out.

Velociphilia is the name by which a new disease has been christened. It is the condition caused by a violent nervous shock resulting from fear of motor-cars. The German physician responsible for the name says that he has traced several deaths to this cause.

Peat is being made into a kind of wood that will answer admirably for paving and railway sleepers. Peat wood can be made to resemble any kind, from willow to oak; it will not warp, is very durable, holds nails and screws with a firm grip, and becomes harder when laid on damp surfaces.

A revolver just adopted for the mounted troops of the Swiss army has an arrangement by which the recoil brings another cartridge from the magazine; it will hold eight cartridges in the magazine, has a range of 2,000 yards, and can be fired by an expert at the rate of ninety-six rounds a minute.

A novel suggestion for starting delicate plants has been made known by a French gardener. He sets the seed in some earth laid in half an egg-shell instead of a little pot; the shell, which has a small hole in it to permit of draining, is placed in a box of damp mould. When the time arrives for transplanting all that need to be done is to break the shell.

A new form of hot bed or pillow is a mattress or pillow of rubber cloth with rubber tubing sewn to the under side, a stream of hot water being caused to flow through the tubing. By means of this bed dry heat of any desired temperature can be applied to the body, or any special part of it, or to the head only. The bed rests on a layer of asbestos.

An improved safeguard for watches and chains is a useful article to be obtained of all jewellers and fancy dealers for 3d. It consists of a stud, two washers, and a split ring. A small hole through the lining and pocket of the waistcoat will enable you to fix it easily, and the chain is then passed through the ring. Your chain will be much safer if connected with one of the articles.

The latest idea in tunnel lighting is to have a row of electric lamps hanging in the tunnel between the two sets of rails, and so dispense with the lighting of trains during the whole of a long journey simply on account of those dark portions. The lamps would be sufficient to light up the carriages, but they would not burn continuously; they would be controlled by a switch in the signal-box.

The "Storar" Feeding Bottle, to be had of Mr. Storar, of 102 Great Victoria Street, Belfast, is likely to be of the greatest service to mothers, as well as to their infants, for it shows how much food should be given to the baby, how often, and how it should be prepared. That information will save the baby many a pain and the parent many an anxious moment. The mortality among infants of less than six months is very great, and this bottle should do much to decrease that mortality.

The corners of a room have always been the despair of those with artistic taste, but the Vetail frame now enables a picture to be placed across any corner with charming effect. The portion underneath the picture is filled by a triangular frame, which fits close against the wall, and the top is used as a *bric-à-brac* shelf. The whole effect is very delightful. This little article may be obtained from any of the chief fancy houses, or particulars may be obtained from the inventor, Mr. J. S. Rhodes, 140 Bristol Street, Birmingham. The price is from 3s. 6d. upwards.

A system of signalling by tablets is intended as a handy and convenient substitute for flag signalling. There are twenty-eight tablets, on two of which are inscribed the old and new methods of sending messages, and the remaining twenty-six have the letters of the alphabet in white letters on a black ground. They will be of a size to make them visible with a telescope three miles away, but can also be small enough to go into a man's pocket. These tablets will be more conveniently stored than the old system on some ships and in isolated places on land.

The difficulty of sharpening ordinary scissors is a very great source of trouble to the housewife. Until recently the only method was to get it done by a professional sharpener, but Messrs. Ellen and Company, of 118 Fenchurch Street, E.C., have put on the market a threepenny marvel by which it is possible for anybody to sharpen a pair of scissors in a few minutes. It consists simply of a rod of tough glass and all you have to do is to endeavour to cut the glass in half. The operation of drawing the scissors backwards and forwards as if in the act of cutting is sufficient to put a keen edge on the blades. The postage costs a penny.

Brown's Patent Door Spring and Check deserves the attention of shopkeepers and all who require some device to prevent the slamming of doors that are constantly being opened and left to close themselves. It can be easily affixed to any door; it is not necessary to remove the door for the purpose, as in some door springs. It can be affixed to the top or centre. The new spring is well made and does not get out of order. It can be had in two designs—one to check the closing and the other to check and hold the door partly open, but the latter type is so made that the door can be shut by applying pressure, and this without injury to the spring. Prices, £2 2s. and £2 10s. respectively, of W. Brown and Co., 20 Whetstone Park, Holborn, London.

KNIFEBOARD CRIMES.

Weird Stories Overheard by 'Bus Drivers.

Why do people, when they wish to engage in private conversation on the top of a 'bus, almost invariably select one of the two front seats?

The propounder of this, to say the least, unusual query was the driver of a Putney 'bus—a man of some education and of shrewd intelligence.

Hardly a week passes by (he continued) but I catch some strange, uncanny phrase, not intended for my ears. Many of these one-minute mysteries, as I have got in the habit of calling them, are doubtless capable of an innocent and easy interpretation. Others there are, however, as I have good reason to know, that are pregnant with sinister meaning.

Some three or four years ago I saw a man pass another a parure of diamonds, that must, I am confident, have been worth several hundred pounds. "All good uns," he whispered softly, yet eagerly. "I've had 'em valued." "Real 'sparklers,' eh!" replied the other, with a suppressed chuckle. "Good! But"—and he glanced apprehensively around—"sing dark, and keep ditto. We don't know who may be about." I felt half inclined to give these two in custody, but on reflection thought better of it. They might, of course, have been innocent men—*bonâ fide* dealers in valuable property.

Only once have I actually interfered, and then I had reason to regret it. Two women boarded my 'bus one cold, foggy night near West Kensington Station, and the two were, as nearly as I could make out at the time, secretly conspiring to murder a companion. They settled upon the place, the time, and even elaborated the details of the crime with a cold-blooded callousness that froze the very soul within me. At last, when I could stand it no longer, I called a policeman, and explained to him briefly the substance of what I had overheard. The only result was that I came within an ace of having to face an action for damages for false imprisonment. The plotters turned out to be a couple of actresses from a small theatre on the Surrey side of the water, and they had been engaged in rehearsing their respective parts in a forthcoming melodrama.

Yet another case. The principals were a poor, anæmic-looking, thinly-clad girl, and a callow youth of nineteen or thereabouts. "Must it really be?" were the words that first attracted my attention. They were spoken by the female, and in a tone of such utter despair as caused my very flesh to creep. The answer was sharp and to the point: "It must, and at once." Next morning I read in my favourite paper of an attemped double suicide, perpetrated by two lovers. They had wandered all night on Wimbledon Common, and, just at daybreak, had cut one another's throats. I happened to have a day off, and out of curiosity I attended the police-court proceedings.

As I more than half expected, the erring ones proved to be my mysterious passengers.

Ghastly, wasn't it? But an even ghastlier experience befell a mate of mine no longer ago than last summer. An old gent boarded his 'bus at Hyde Park Corner, paid the conductor for a through Putney ticket, and entered into conversation with the driver forthwith. He was the only outside passenger, as it happened, and my mate was glad of his company, for the night was dull and muggy. After a while, however, another passenger, a woman, boarded them without calling on the conductor to stop, and swung herself up the steps. She went straight over to where the old chap was sitting, bent down, and whispered something in his ear.

"I daren't," quavered the other, his teeth chattering like castanets.

"Very well, then," replied the woman, and she rose and made as if to beckon to a policeman who was on point duty a few yards further down the road.

"No, no, don't do that," wailed the old fellow. Then with a gasp—"I'll do it."

"All right. But, remember, you are watched. Don't attempt to go back on your word."

Then she got down, and vanished up a side street.

After this little episode the old gent said not a word, drew his coat up round his ears, and appeared to doze. Opposite Munster Park Chapel, the last regular stopping-place this side of Putney Bridge, there is a chemist's shop.

The conductor came on top of the 'bus, glanced over his shoulder at the lighted windows, and remarked to my mate that Mr. Blank (the chemist) must have been using a lot of oil of bitter almonds lately, as the scent filled the whole street.

"Blank be blowed," replied my mate. "Why, I've noticed that same smell ever since we left Redcliffe Gardens."

Then suddenly the same thought struck them both, and they turned and peered into the old gent's face. He was stone dead, and an empty bottle clenched in his right hand, and labelled "Prussic acid—poison," told only too plainly how he came by his end.

Ever see or hear anything more of the "woman in the case?" Not that I ever heard. The identity of the old chap came out at the inquest, though. He was a Russian, a teacher of languages, and a political refugee with advanced anarchical views.

If you know the names of any actors and actresses you will stand a good chance of securing a prize in the big Name-Hunting Competition which starts next week.

SIGNALS THAT HAVE BEEN MISREAD

Fatal Blunders in Making or Taking Signals.

A couple of lazy cormorants caused a commotion at Arbroath the other day. It is from this port that observation is kept through a telescope upon the lonely Bell Rock lighthouse, twelve miles distant as the crow flies.

When the lighthouse men wish to communicate with the shore, they run out on a pole, which projects horizontally from the balcony of the building, certain big white discs, which, according to their number and position, indicate the wishes of the occupants to the coastguard man who is always on the look-out.

On the morning of the day in question, this latter was startled to see displayed what he took to be two horizontal discs, the meaning of which would be "Send assistance at once, something serious has happened." Instantly all was bustle and excitement on shore. The powerful steam tug *Alexandria* was got ready, and proceeded under forced draught to the rock. When it got there, however, the crew found the lighthouse keepers quietly enjoying their supper, and as ignorant as were their would-be rescuers of anything being wrong. Nor was there, as a matter of fact. The solution of the mystery lay in the fact that the two birds aforesaid, tired out with fishing, had unwittingly made themselves intelligible by appropriating the signal pole as a roosting place.

Some fifteen years ago there occurred on the Morelos railway, in Mexico, an accident, the cause of which was at first a complete mystery to the officials. A train stopped for over half an hour in the middle of a section, with the result that it was run into by a following one with disastrous results.

INSECTS TURN A WHITE SIGNAL RED.

The accident happened at night, and the engine-driver asserted that he halted his train where he did because the distance signal was against him, whereas the man whose duty it was to attend to the signal in question swore positively that he had set it at "clear." As this latter's evidence was in part corroborated, it might have gone hard with the driver, but that someone bethought him to carefully examine the signal lamp in question. Then was found, adhering to the face of the glass, a number of what looked like—to quote the official report—"very minute, irregular, fluted and concave grains." These were further examined under a microscope, and the mystery was solved.

A dense swarm of cochineal insects had settled upon the lantern, with the result that the white glass, seen through a layer of their tiny bodies, appeared to the engine-driver to be a vivid crimson—the colour which is the emblem of danger all the world over.

In army flag-signalling, messages of any importance are usually sent in cypher, and are read off at the receiving station by an officer, who calls each letter aloud as it is signalled. By his side, but a little in rear of him, is another officer, who takes down the letters from his colleague's dictation. In calling out the letters, however, a peculiar official jargon is used, T., B., M., S., P., and V., for instance, being known respectively as "toc," "beer," "emma," "asses," "pip," and "vic."

TINNED SOUP MISTAKEN FOR SHRAPNEL.

Nor are these curious phonetic substitutes due to mere unauthorised local eccentricity. On the contrary, they are used by "flag-waggers" everywhere, and are duly set forth and coded in the official signalling manuals; the reason being that a disaster was once within an ace of being brought about through a lisping lieutenant of signallers pronouncing these particular letters in such a way that they were mistaken for other similar-sounding ones.

It was during the Mutiny days, and the exact phrasing of the misread message is, to use a well-worn phrase, "lost in the mists of antiquity," but the immediate result was that a number of boxes of soap and cases of tinned soup were sent off post haste to a certain garrison in place of shrapnel shell and case shot as asked for.

An alarm gun heard in mid-ocean is a signal that even the most callous of captains dare not disregard. Small wonder, therefore, that when the fateful booming smote upon the ears of the skipper of the *John Rutledge*, of Liverpool, during the night of February 20th, 1856, he put his helm about and altered his course towards the direction whence the sound came. Even as the ship swung round the startled crew heard a second report, followed at short intervals by another and yet another.

Extra sail was clapped on to speed the *John Rutledge* on her supposed errand of mercy, and not one among the forty odd souls aboard guessed that by so doing they were only hurrying her the swifter towards inevitable destruction. Yet so it was. The sounds they thought were due to guns fired by a ship in distress were really caused by the rending and tearing off of huge fragments from a gigantic iceberg in process of disintegration.

Within fifteen minutes of her course being altered, the *John Rutledge* struck the berg bows on, and five minutes later she was scurrying stern foremost down, down through the mile or more of black water that lay between her and the bottom of the ocean. Half a dozen of her crew escaped in a small boat to tell the tale of the catastrophe. The others sank with her.

In many a little haven nestling under the beetling Cornish cliffs, stories are still told of the old wrecking days, when misleading signals were purposely made to lure passing ships on to that iron-bound coast.

One of the most dramatic of them has reference to the loss of the Spanish ship, *Santa Cecelia*, on the famous Wolf Rock.

It appears that news of the passing of the *Santa Cecelia*, which had on board an unusually rich cargo, was brought to the mainland by a fishing lugger, and three of the natives journeyed, towards evening, in an open boat to the rock and placed upon the highest point a flaming crescent, the accepted signal, in those days, for a safe haven.

The weather was fine when the miscreants started, but a gale suddenly sprang up as they were returning, their boat was swamped, and they were all drowned.

LURING SHIPS TO DEATH.

The *Santa Cecelia* was also lost, and upon the Wolf Rock, but among the survivors of her crew was a "holy man," who—perhaps having an inkling of the truth—put upon the rock a "solemn curse." From that day to this it has always been regarded with a singular amount of superstitious awe; and not altogether without reason, for although a lighthouse has now been built upon it, its history has been punctuated by tragedies.

The last was in the autumn of 1877, when one of the lighthouse-keepers was washed into the sea and drowned, the same fate having befallen three at least of his predecessors. Another man died in the lighthouse under exceptionally horrible circumstances; while, of two others, one committed suicide, and another became raving mad.

Undoubtedly, however, the most dramatic instance of the misreading of a signal was that which occurred in connection with the terrible inundation that destroyed the city of Szegedin, Hungary, in March, 1877. For days prior to the catastrophe the weather had been stormy and the rainfall altogether abnormal. It was known that the Theiss was full to the brim, and that the dams were not over strong, but experts had advised the citizens that there was no real danger unless a freshet should occur in the Maros river, a tributary of the Theiss, which joins the main stream a few miles above the city.

In that case, they added, however, there was very grave danger indeed, as the new flood, pouring into the already overflowed river and striking the weakened dams at right angles, might easily cause them to give way.

3 ROCKETS THAT DESTROYED 6,000 HOUSES.

So, to give timely warning of any increase in the volume of water being brought down by the tributary in question, a signal station was improvised at the village of Mako, some twenty miles up the Maros river, and it was arranged that the danger warning should be three rockets fired in rapid succession, while, should the water show a sudden decrease, six were to be fired as a signal that the danger was over, and that the citizens might safely retire to rest.

On the night of March 12th, the watchers at the station noticed that the waters were rapidly rising, and in accordance with the arrangements three rockets were fired. Unfortunately a neighbouring farmer, not knowing of the arrangements that had been made, concluded that the signals must come from someone in dire straits, and—rockets being commonly used in that part of Hungary as means of intercommunication between the widely-scattered parishes—at once fired three of his own, as an intimation that assistance would shortly be forthcoming.

The people of Szegedin saw with profound alarm the first three rockets soaring into the air, and a great sign of relief went up from the threatened city when the three others were fired, the latter appearing to the citizens at that distance away as having been sent up from the same locality. After exchanging congratulations the tired people went home to bed.

An hour later the flood came, and in the morning Szegedin was no more. Of her seventy thousand inhabitants, there was scarcely one but mourned the loss of relatives or friends, while of her six thousand five hundred and sixty-six houses, churches, and public buildings, only three hundred and thirty-one—and these the meanest of the lot—mostly hovels, indeed, inhabited by the lowest class of Magyar gypsies—were left standing.

He (at 11.30 p.m.): "Are you ever troubled with insomnia?"

She (wearily): "Yes, very often."

He: "I have heard that walking in the open air before retiring is beneficial."

She (hopefully): "Let's try it. You do the walking and I'll retire."

BOMB-SHELLS AS BILLETS-DOUX.

Weird Facts about a Dastardly Form of Crime.

It is somewhat startling, when one comes to reflect upon it, how little is known concerning the genesis of what is perhaps the most dastardly and abominable type of offence known to criminologists; namely, the sending through the post of infernal machines, carefully constructed to "go off" as soon as opened.

How many people, for instance, can recall the circumstances surrounding the tragic end of poor Mr. Richards, of Broadstairs, who was blown to pieces by an infernal machine, sent to him through the post on July 22nd, 1893. It is probable that the victim in this particular case knew, or at all events suspected, the source of the explosive; for on receiving the fatal package he refrained from opening it in the house, where were his wife and two children.

Instead, he carried it outside into the garden, and there cut the string. Instantly a dazzling flash of white light shot high into the air, followed by a terrific report. Neighbours rushed in, and carried the maimed and scorched man back into the breakfast-room; but he was beyond all human aid, and died the same day without ever uttering a word.

Not always, however, does the user of the bomb-shell *billet-doux* achieve his object so completely as this. As a typical instance of an abortive attempt may be cited that which occurred at Chatham Dockyard a year or two ago. A foreman employed in the Iron Foundry received through the post a mysterious box, and being suspicious of its contents, placed it in a bucket of water and communicated with the police. On the box being opened it was found to be filled with gunpowder mingled with phosphorus. The lid of the box fitted into a groove, and to the under side of the lid were fixed two matches reaching to the bottom of the box, on which had been pasted a piece of sandpaper, so that on opening the box by sliding back the lid, the matches would be ignited and explode the powder.

A similar box, containing a mixture of cayenne pepper and gunpowder, was received not long since by the headmaster of a suburban school, but the arrangements for firing the charge in this instance depended upon the cutting of the string which secured the outer covering. Fortunately, the recipient cut the lid off the box before severing the string, and to this happy accident he probably owed his life.

This sending of explosives through the post-office to gratify private spite is, as may be imagined, quite a modern crime. The earliest recorded instance, in fact, goes back no further than 1882, on the 18th of February of which year a man named Costello dispatched several infernal machines to various persons in Edinburgh. Happily his sending more than one machine at the same time proved his undoing, for the recipients compared notes, and the sender was arrested.

As showing how imitative criminals are, it may be mentioned that, within a few weeks of the details of this outrage becoming public property, a box containing gunpowder, so arranged as to explode when opened, was received by a Glasgow tradesman. A little later, too, in the same year, Mr. W. E. Forster, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, received through the post a quantity of iodide of nitrogen. It did not explode, however, owing probably to its having got damp in transit.

In 1891 a quantity of dynamite, with safety-fuse attached, was discovered in the sorting-room of the General Post Office, Dublin, and was promptly rendered innocuous by being burned in a yard at the back of the building. The designs of the sender were thereby frustrated, but what might have happened, but for the astuteness of the sorter who made the discovery, was shown by what actually did happen some six years later at Landesborough Post Office. An infernal machine, which was probably fitted with a time-fuse, exploded in the middle of the night, completely wrecking the office, and doing considerable damage to surrounding property. In a room above that in which the explosion occurred slept the mistress and her servant, but they miraculously escaped injury, although one of the iron legs of the girl's bedstead was blown through the roof.

Very extraordinary indeed was the series of similar outrages which in 1894-5-6 and 1897 baffled the London police. The initial explosion occurred on August 14th of the first-named year, when an infernal machine blew to atoms the iron letter-box of the post-office at 177 New Cross Road. Exactly thirteen days later an explosive was discovered by a sorter among a collection of letters at the General Post Office, St. Martin's le Grand. In 1895 two unsuccessful attempts were recorded, the fuses in each case failing to set fire to the charges; but on January 13th, 1896, a terrific report alarmed the residents of Lewisham, and on investigation it was found that a bomb had exploded in the local post-office, doing considerable damage. The series came to an end in 1897, when an unexploded bomb, wrapped in a quantity of anarchist literature, was discovered in the letter-box of the post-office at Trafalgar Road, East Greenwich. The fact of this particular infernal machine not "going off" led to the arrest of the maker, who proved to be a well-known anarchist named Richards. Seven years was his sentence—a none too heavy one.

Everyone who has a favourite actor or actress should hunt for his or her name in the big Name-Hunting Competition which starts next week.

RED-LETTER DAYS

18th October, 1826.—On this date the last State lottery in England was drawn at Coopers' Hall, Basinghall Street. The Government, finding that gambling in connection with lotterics was demoralising the country, resolved upon repressing them, and at last the legalised swindles came to an end. The revenue derived from the custom averaged about a quarter of a million sterling. "But," says an authority on the subject, "it was felt that the inducement to gambling held out by them was a great moral evil, helping to impoverish many, and diverting attention from the more legitimate industrial modes of money-making. No one, therefore, mourned over the decease of the lottery, but the lottery-office keepers—then a large body of men, who rented expensive offices in all parts of England." These lotteries had been established on January 11th, 1568-69, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

19th October, 1828.—An extraordinary race against time took place at Debtling, near Maidstone. A farmer, named Hopper, forty-two years of age, undertook for a wager of £10, to run half a mile in two minutes. The ground selected was the descent of Debtling Hill, averaging a fall of two feet in ten yards. For the first quarter-mile Hopper's strides averaged three yards each, and in some of the steepest places were even longer. About fifteen yards from the winning post he became nearly blind, swerved from the line, and fears were entertained that he would dash himself against a chalk cliff. A fortunate rut in the road turned his foot in the right direction and he reached the goal eight seconds under the time specified. He was conveyed to bed almost delirious from the terrific exertions he had made, but recovered in a short time.

20th October, 1093.—Malcolm III. King of Scotland, was treacherously killed at Alnwick Castle, in Northumberland. The forces of William Rufus, King of England, had taken the castle from the Scots and put all within to the sword; upon which King Malcolm, coming with a great host, besieged the said castle, and when the keepers of the hold were at point to make surrender, a certain English knight, conceiving in his mind a hardy and dangerous enterprise, mounted a swift horse, without armour or weapon saving a spear in his hand, upon the point of which he bore the keys of the castle, and so issued forth from the gates, riding directly towards the Scottish camp. The King, hearing a great noise and clamour, came forth from his pavilion, and the Englishman herewith couched his staff, as though the King might receive the keys which he had brought, and whilst all men's eyes were beholding the keys, he ran the King through the left eye, and, suddenly dashing his spurs to his horse, escaped to the wood out of all danger. The point of the spear entered so far into the King's head that he immediately fell down dead amongst his men.

21st October, 1880.—A man named Cherwood was tried at the Central Criminal Court for forgery of banknotes on a large scale. His case was a hopeless one and he pleaded guilty. A strange letter, addressed by the prisoner to the Governor of Newgate, was read in court. He dwelt in glowing terms on the number of special qualities which go to the making of a skilled forger, declared that the successful makers of counterfeit notes could be counted 'on your fingers,' and suggested that he should be pardoned and made the chief of a small detective department, when he would undertake to bring about the total suppression of banknote forgery. This noble offer was not accepted by the Home Office, and he was sent to Dartmoor, to mature his plans for the stamping out of crime.

22nd October, 1707.—Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the celebrated British Admiral, with his sons-in-law and other persons of rank and distinction, besides 800 brave men, was wrecked on the rocks of the Scilly Islands, off the coast of Cornwall, in his vessel, the *Association*, which went instantly to the bottom. Three other vessels of his fleet were lost on the same occasion, but the rest escaped. Sir Cloudesley had been joined with the Earl of Peterborough against Spain (1705), and, after an unsuccessful attack on Toulon, sailed for England in 1707, in command of the fleet. But on this October night he mistook the rocks off Scilly for land, and his vessel struck upon them. His body was next day cast up on the shore, and was stripped and robbed of a ring by some fishermen, who buried him in the sand. But the ring discovered his rank, and the fishermen pointed out where they had deposited his body, which was brought to Portsmouth, and thence conveyed to London, and buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory.

23rd October, 1769.—Giuseppe Baretti, an Italian resident in London, the author of many works in English and French besides his native tongue, was charged with murder at the Old Baily. This trial is memorable for the array of world-famous men who bore testimony to the good character of the accused. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Oliver Goldsmith, and David Garrick appeared in the witness box and stated that they were on terms of intimate friendship with the accused man. The fatal accident occurred during a scuffle in the Haymarket, it was proved that Baretti struck the blow in self-defence, and he was honourably acquitted.

24th October, 1739.—It was the custom for the Lord Mayor of London to reside in the neighbourhood of the Old Jewry, but on the above date the Lord Mayor of the year, Perry by name, laid the first stone of the stately Mansion House. The Mansion House stands on the site of the old Stocks Market, which was built for the sale of fish and meat by a Lord Mayor in the reign of Edward I. Prior to that period, a pair of stocks for "rogues and vagabonds" stood on the spot, and gave their name to the Market House. After the great fire in 1666 the market was used chiefly for the sale of fruit and vegetables.

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THE

Midland Express

WILL APPEAR

Tuesday, October 22nd.

On the above date a new halfpenny morning paper The "MIDLAND EXPRESS" will make its first appearance in the whole of the Midland and Pottery districts.

Local news will be given very fully. Events happening all over the world will be dealt with in a style never before attempted by any provincial newspaper.

The "MIDLAND EXPRESS" will be worked in conjunction with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's marvellously successful London paper, the "DAILY EXPRESS."

Private wires have been laid between London and the offices of the "MIDLAND EXPRESS." Every night the news gathered all over the world will be sent direct to the "MIDLAND EXPRESS" which will thus really have its own correspondents in every city of importance in the world.

The "MIDLAND EXPRESS" will contain special contributions by all the greatest living writers of the day.

In matters of sport the "MIDLAND EXPRESS" will have no rival. Racing will be fully dealt with by an expert staff.

Mr. C. B. Fry the International full back, and Mr. J. J. Bentley, the President of the Football League, and late Football Editor of the "Athletic News," together with a large staff of expert reporters, will be responsible for the football news, notes and comments.

Fashion and other matters of interest to women will be specially treated by the best artists and writers.

Serial stories will be a regular feature, and one page of the "MIDLAND EXPRESS" will be profusely illustrated every day.

The combination of the London "EXPRESS" with the "MIDLAND EXPRESS" will enable expenditure to be made with a lavishness that is impossible in the case of a provincial paper standing alone, and it is only by lavish expenditure that a bright up-to-date newspaper can be produced.

Its Main Aim is

NEWS

TRUE NEWS!
NEW NEWS!
ALL THE NEWS!

NATURE'S GREATEST RECUPERATOR.

THE SPA-TREATMENT — FIFTY POUNDS. —

It is highly probable that a trip to the Continent for a course of waters at any of the famous Spas would cost Fifty Pounds, but many who could afford £50 cannot afford the necessary time. It will therefore be welcome news to learn that all the benefits of the fifty-pound trip are contained in a bottle of KUTNOW'S POWDER. John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard), the popular authoress, after trying it, wrote, "That it ought to be known all over the world." The late Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., wrote, "I have tried Kutnow's Powder, and find it answers particularly well." Prof. Lawson Tait, M.D., wrote, "Lawson Tait heartily recommends Kutnow's Powder."

Recent Testimony.

"3 Craighall Crescent, Trinity,
"Edinburgh, May 16th, 1901.

DEAR SIRS,—I had your sample bottle of KUTNOW'S POWDER enjoyed it, and bought other half-crown one. For the past twelve nths I have been with our troops at the ut as chaplain, and from constant hardship exposure have been run down a bit, with els rather irregular, &c. Let me say it—r Powder has done me great good; I am h better, and take my food with relish.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Rev.) LENNOX FRASER."

The Military Hospital, Whittington
"Barracks, Lichfield, May 24th, 1901.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been very ill in bed e weeks to-morrow suffering from some ey disease which the doctors call pluritis.' Kindly send me a sample of r powder to see if it will cure me, or rds that way.

"Yours truly,
"W. H. WILTON (Cpl.),
"Army Service Corps."

The same address, June 2nd, 1901.

DEAR SIRS,—I am extremely thankful to for sending the Powder. I have tried it feel sure it has worked a cure. After the dose the swellings (dropsical) vanished, on the doctor examining me, he marvelled e result. Again thanking you,

"Believe me, yours faithfully,
"W. H. WILTON (Cpl.)."

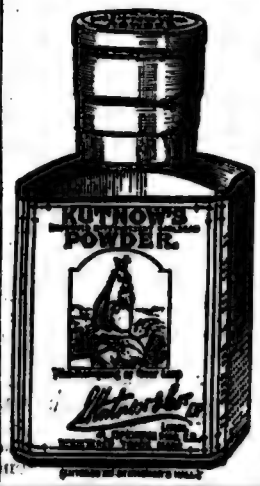
"Marion-Sims College,
"April 3rd, 1901.

KUTNOW'S POWDER stimulates the activi of the bowels and kidneys. A dessert- ful in a tumblerful of water immediately rising in the morning cleans out the ls, dilutes the urine, and flushes out the eys in a most satisfactory way. Thorough elimination is salvation, and e is no better eliminator than KUTNOW'S DER.

"I. N. LOVE, M.D."

HEALTH

**In thoughtless ease too little priz'd—
This richer gift than wealth;
Of it bereft, too late we feel
Life is but life with health!**



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The power to stimulate a sluggish liver and to eliminate all the excessive URIC ACID.

THIRDLY—
The virtue of not only cleansing the bowels and diluting the urine, but at the same time exercising a soothing influence on the system generally.

FOURTHLY—
The freedom it induces in the flow of the gastric juices, thereby removing all the terrors of indigestion.

FIFTHLY—
The utility of combining curative properties with strengthening and invigorating virtues, it is cooling to the blood, refreshing to the brain, and revitalising to the whole system.

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Mr. J. WHITCOMBE, 1 Radcliffe Place, Everton Road, Manchester, writes:

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"I have not been actually laid up, but for some months I have felt very weak and languid, and also have gone very much thinner. By profession I am an Insurance Agent, and I naturally have a great deal of walking to do. Instead of this being a pleasure to me, as it once was, I found it a struggle to get through a day's work. Since I have been taking Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa there has been a marked improvement in my health, and I have also regained my normal weight, and I get through my daily work without feeling fatigued as I did before.

"I shall always feel it my duty to recommend Vi-Cocoa whenever an opportunity is afforded me, and I write this testimonial unsolicited, and you are at liberty to make use of it as you desire."

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HIS RUPTURE CURED.

Engine-driver on the MIDLAND RAILWAY Restored by the WONDERFUL RICE METHOD.

One of the well-known engine-drivers on the Midland Railway, having been in their employ a long time, relates some very interesting facts about how he cured himself of a bad rupture by the Rice Method. His name is George Jordan and is in good standing, so what he says for the benefit of other railroad men who are ruptured can be relied upon as truthful and of value.

27 Bishopstone Road, Gloucester.
July 21st, 1901.

Dr. W. S. Rice,

Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to say that I am cured of Rupture after using your treatment for three months, having been ruptured for seventeen years.

I have already spent a lot of money on treatment, having paid one doctor sixteen guineas without getting much good, and I had lost all hope of being cured until I read your advertisment in *Lloyd's Newspaper*.

I acted strictly on your advice, and I have not been troubled with my Rupture since the first week I tried your treatment, and although I get a lot of shaking about (being a locomotive engine-driver on the Midland Railway), I have not worn a Truss for about two months, and I do not feel the slightest weakness now, and am enjoying better health than I have had for seventeen years.

You can make what use you like of this letter, as I am anxious for all sufferers to know of your treatment; and I shall advise all my friends afflicted with this complaint to use it, as I know it will cure permanently.—Yours faithfully, GEORGE JORDAN.

The RICE Method of curing rupture is as near perfect as anything could be, and a great many remarkable cures have been effected. Every ruptured rail-roader should write Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 40), 8 & 9 Stonecutter Street, LONDON, E.C., who will send a FREE SAMPLE of his method, also a complete and illustrated series of pamphlets showing conclusively that his method cannot fail of a cure. It is a home treatment at small cost, without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's detention from work. Do not fail to write for either yourself or some one you know to be ruptured.

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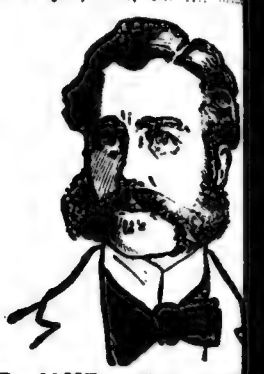
After years of patient study and research into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James William Kidd, 423 First National Bank Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A., has discovered



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD

the startling announcement that he has discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound known only to himself, produced as the result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving balm to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt as to the doctor's earnestness in making this claim, and the remarkable cures that are daily effecting seem to bear him out strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason, and based on the experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, and he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer in sufficient quantities to convince them of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures effected are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. They have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by their doctors, have been restored to health, families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases, bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs, or any vital organ are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvellous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are cured and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood, and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation, and all of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and all affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to-day. It is for every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

Remember, a letter to America from the British Isles requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain, and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

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is ever pointed at the man who allows his wife to endure the misery of scrubbing bare boards or oilcloth. No other work makes a woman look so careworn or feel so ill as scrubbing, and as Catesbys' Cork Lino requires no scrubbing it does away with care and fatigue. Have your floors covered with it without delay—and you will be surprised at the beneficial change which will come over your wife and home. This freedom from scrubbing is not the only quality Catesbys' Cork Lino possesses. It harbours neither dust nor dirt, and though costing only half the price you would pay for carpet—it wears thrice as long. Write for patterns—then tell us the design and quantity you want, and it will be sent, carriage paid, to your door. You can buy our Cork Lino on Easy Terms without reference or security, or take the 2s. in the £ we allow for cash.

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3yds. by 4yds. ...	1	1	0	1	4	0
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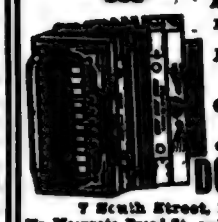

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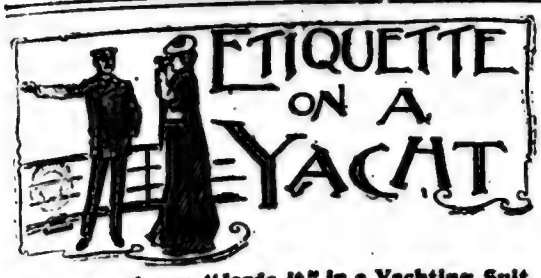

Mr. P. Doubleyou "lords it" in a Yachting Suit.

WHEN Lord B. invited me to join the party on his yacht, *The Dancing Girl*, I accepted eagerly, for, as a jaded London journalist, the opportunities for such indulgence come to me but seldom. I wired grateful acceptance and immediately set off for my tailors, where I ordered two flannel suits to be ready within twenty-four hours. To be sure I was not without flannels, but such as I possessed I felt to be quite too out-of-date and shabby for such society as I was about to mix with.

I then directed my hansom to a well-known establishment, where I inspected the very, very latest in head-gear. One cloth cap and one yachting cap with a peak, together with a fashionable grey bowler hat and a straw, were my purchases there. I also called at a boot shop and procured two pairs of white buck-skin shoes with rubber soles.

With these things and a dozen or more new shirts my two portmanteaux were more bulky than I had had the pleasure of seeing them for a long time. I felt myself to be almost a born swell as I called at my bank and drew out nearly all my poor little credit balance on my way to Waterloo Station *en route* for Cowes.

Does the reader ask why I took a good sum of money with me? Well, the answer is brief: one sometimes wants money very badly, even when the guest of a wealthy man. With the game of bridge in vogue, and, with yacht stewards who are in the habit of receiving gold as tips, one had better go prepared. "Why accept such an invitation?" asks a steady-going reader. The answer is again brief—because human nature is, after all, only human nature, and because influential friends are not infrequently of great service to one who wishes to make a name. Besides, the Editor told me to go.

MY FRIENDS COME OFF TO THE BOAT.

Arrived on the yacht, I found all the party and my host had landed an hour previously in order to attend the opening ceremony of a local flower show. I was, therefore, at liberty to roam all over the smart craft at my own sweet will.

I went from one end of the deck to the other admiring the whiteness of the boards, the highly-polished brass fittings, and the absolute cleanliness of everything. At five o'clock my host had not returned and a steward approached me and inquired whether I would have a cup of tea on deck. He showed not the faintest surprise when I replied that the motion of the yacht had for the time being put me out of love with tea and that I would prefer a brandy and soda.

At half-past six two sailors stood up in a boat some little distance away and made a peculiar cry. The look-out man on the yacht replied and, in the same breath, shouted instructions to someone somewhere. Then I saw preparations for taking on board the occupants of the boat who, I found, were my host and his other guests returning from the flower-show. I was cordially greeted by my host and was introduced by him to three ladies and two or three men whom I had not met before. After chatting with the latter for a time I went below and changed my things for dinner which was to be served at eight o'clock.

HOW THE EVENING IS SPENT.

As the latest arrival from town, I was asked a good many questions as to club gossip and other matters while at dinner. Everybody was the soul of good humour and I was made quite at home. When the coffee and liqueurs had been cleared away, a small cottage piano by one of the best London makers was opened and one of the guests—a lady—played and sang for half an hour. Then two of the men guests produced a banjo apiece and gave us several comic and serio-comic songs.

I was then called upon for a stump speech, and I, of course, did my best to amuse the company. The whole entertainment lasted nearly three hours. Had the night been fine these proceedings would have been held on deck, but as a heavy sea mist was in evidence the cabin was requisitioned.

About eleven o'clock we put on our great coats and went up on deck. The men lit up fresh cigars, or refilled their pipes, and the ladies were offered another cigarette each. We paced the deck in twos and threes for half an hour or so and then we again went below.

Card tables had been pulled out and the piano and banjos were not to be seen. Whisky and soda-water were at hand for the men. We played bridge for nearly a couple of hours, and I retired for the night—or as much of it as was left—just after one o'clock. Before putting out my light I had the curiosity to count my loose cash, and I was not displeased to find that I was nearly six pounds to the good.

About seven o'clock next morning I was rudely awakened by the rolling of the yacht, and a few minutes later a steward, who had the goodness of heart to bring me a steaming cup of coffee, informed me that it was a lovely morning and that we were "right out," and with every prospect of a good run. He then asked me how I liked my bath prepared, and he did more for me in the way of making me feel like a prince than I had ever before submitted to at the hands of another.

The ladies were on deck, the steward told me, and were not expecting the men for an hour or so.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"They are in their bathing costumes and they've had about fifty pails of sea-water thrown over 'em by the stewardess," was the answer.

"Do they like it?" was my next question.

"Well, I don't know," said the steward, "it makes 'em scream and puff a good deal, but I think they feel all the fresher for it when they get warm again."

"Then why don't the men have the same treatment?" I asked.

"They can have it if they care to get up for it at six."

The whole party breakfasted on deck, behind a stout screen of canvas, at nine o'clock. And what breakfasts some of us made, too! My host admitted that he could eat as much breakfast at one sitting on the yacht as would serve him for six breakfasts in town. The ladies did not do amiss, either, though I think the heavy sea was enough to make them careful in case of illness overtaking them.

At eleven o'clock the stewards brought the men glasses of "Buss," and the ladies regaled themselves with soda water and milk or sherry. All the morning was passed in lounging about the deck on huge cane chairs. The captain from time to time instructed the seamen to change the position of the ladies' chairs, according to the direction of the wind and the angle of the yacht. In no place in the world does a woman receive more attention than she does when on board an Englishman's yacht. Everything is sacrificed to her comfort.

Between one and two o'clock lunch was served in the saloon. Though not quite so jolly a meal as dinner, there was no lack of merriment and laughter. Directly after lunch the ladies disappeared, and we saw nothing of them till five o'clock, when the tea cups were rattling. When on a yacht no man who knows his way about thrusts his company upon a lady. The very fact that a yacht affords such small exchange of society makes it all the more important that the ladies and the men should now and then separate for a time.

Of course manners on board a yacht are not in any sensible degree different from those of a country house, though there are many pitfalls for the inexperienced in the way of dress, conduct during sickness, and so forth. For instance, no man who sees a lady ill (unless she be his wife or sister) should allow her to see that he sees how things are. He should at once "clear himself off," and drop a hint to the stewardess that her services might be welcome in such and such a quarter.

RUNNING NO RISK.

A TROUPE of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band, and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand, while the eyes of the leader followed every movement.

He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it round, and a large sum was collected, everyone meanwhile wondering what he held in his left hand.

"Why, it's very simple," said the leader when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and to be sure of the fidelity of our collector he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count these first when he returns to make sure of the money."

WHAT A BUREAU REALLY WAS.

WHEN parchment was used for writing, and when bookbinding was in its infancy, and a bound book was a costly luxury, it was the custom to place the book on a piece of cloth or a strip of wool, in order to prevent the binding from possible damage on the rough wood of the table. Those who had to deal with money also had a strip of cloth on the table or counter, so that the coins should not roll. This strip was called "bureau."

In course of time the custom changed, and the same word was applied to the writing-table, covered with green or other coloured cloth, and at length descended to the modern table with the centre protected by leather. As an office contains one or more of these tables, it is not difficult to understand that the name should, in one country, have been given to the room that contained the bureau.

"WHY do they call a fast bicycle rider a scorcher?"

"Because he goes a hot pace, makes pedestrians boiling mad, warms up the police, gets roasted in court, and thinks the whole thing is a burning shame."

WIFE: "Oh, John, as I came in just now I saw smoke pouring out of Mrs. De Lancey's front windows and not a soul seemed aroused."

Husband: "Well, did you ring the bell and tell them what was wrong?"

Wife: "Of course not! I don't owe her a call."

THEY STARVE AND GROW RICH.

People who have Risen to Fame through Ill-Health.

MOST people regard the possession of robust health as an unmixed blessing. But not all. To some people it is the greatest of all evils.

Yvette Guilbert, the famous French singer, for instance, found it impossible to produce the weird stage effects which had made her famous, when she was well, and so gave up cycling as too healthy. Later on she took more active measures to emaciate her face and figure, with the result that she overdid it, and induced an illness that brought her to the verge of the grave.

De Quincey cultivated dyspepsia with great assiduity, eating purposely hearty suppers of lobster, pork, and other rich and indigestible food, in order to induce those marvellous dream-visions, the chronicling of which constituted his most weirdly effective work. A generation or two later Gustave Doré followed much the same plan in order to conjure up similar horrors, only in his case it was the magic of the brush and palatte, and not the witchery of the pen, which transmitted them to posterity. De Quincey also, as is well known, cultivated the opium habit, and gave his experiences to the world in what is in one sense the most remarkable book ever written.

Before the late Lord Leighton began painting his great work "Cymon and Iphigeneia," he searched the *ateliers* of Paris, Florence, and half a dozen other Continental art centres for a model worthy of posing as the unhappy daughter of Agamemnon, but without success. He found what he wanted at last, and by accident, in London, in the person of Miss Dorothy Dene, a young and comparatively unknown actress. Lord Leighton himself said that she was the most perfectly formed woman he had ever seen. Every line of both face and figure was classical in the highest degree. Her hair was curly and golden, her lustrous eyes had the hue of violets, and she possessed a complexion that was positively dazzling in its transparent purity.

Alas, however, this same brilliancy of complexion was the result of incipient consumption, of which she eventually died, but not before she had posed for many of the great painter's finest works, earning for herself undying fame, fortune, and the respect and esteem of the president of the Royal Academy himself.

The manufacturing of midgets is a regular and highly remunerative trade. A naturally small child is taken in hand at six months old, or thereabouts, given graduated doses of gin every couple of hours, bathed in the same fluid three or four times a day, and, provided it survives the treatment, a midget is the result. Nearly all the wretched little dwarfs one sees exhibited in "penny gaffs" at country fairs and in the slums of great cities are so manufactured.

Giants, on the other hand, are natural products, that is to say they cannot be made to order wholesale, like dwarfs. But they frequently starve themselves—or are forced to do so by their owners—in order that their increased slimness may add to their apparent height. It was said at the time that Chang, the "Chinese giant," who stood over eight feet high in his stockings, and who died at Bournemouth some years ago, practically starved himself to death. He prided himself on being the lightest and "airest" giant on earth, and took so little nourishment for years prior to his disease that he could hardly raise his voice above a whisper, nor could he walk more than a dozen yards without sitting down to rest.

Jockeys similarly starve themselves. Indeed, they have to, if they desire to rise to eminence in their very arduous profession. The life of Fred Archer, the most famous of them all, was literally one long martyrdom from this cause, and he induced the fever, in the delirium of which he blew out his brains, through the privations he voluntarily underwent in order to ride St. Mirin for the Cambridgeshire at 8st. 7lb. Osborne, once, on the eve of a race, found himself too heavy by some five pounds. He clothed himself in horse-blankets, and walked until he fell exhausted, covering close on forty miles. When weighed, he was found to have relieved himself by this heroic treatment of nearly seven pounds of "superfluous" adipose tissue.

John Arnull, again, in order to be able to ride a particular horse for the Prince of Wales, ate nothing save one apple per diem, for eight consecutive days.

EVERY READER A WRITER.

IF you are walking in the street in town or country and observe something curious, however insignificant it may seem to you, make a mental note of it. If it is something you cannot understand, so much the better. When you get home jot down your idea on a piece of paper, together with your name and address, and send it to the Editor in an envelope marked "IDEA."

If the note which you send is considered of sufficient interest to justify our making inquiries and publishing an article on the subject, you will be paid for the article at the rate of

TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN.

You are not required to write the article, only to supply the idea.

If the same idea be sent in by several readers, the money will be paid to the person whose suggestion first reaches us. If a reader forwards a subject for an article we have already by us naturally he cannot expect payment.

The first coupon in the big Name-Hunting Competition appears next week, and the whole competition will be complete in three weeks.

HOME NOTES PAGE

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

When Ironing Chiffon or Muslin always put tissue paper over it and use a tolerably cool iron.

To Clarify Fat after Frying. Throw in a few slices of raw potato, and simmer all for a few minutes.

When Stuffing a Fowl or goose which is to be roasted, prepare and insert the stuffing overnight and truss the bird. By this method the flavour of the stuffing penetrates through the whole bird and makes it delicious.

Brown Horseradish Sauce is made by grating the root of a horseradish into some good brown gravy and then adding a little French mustard, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, a pinch of sugar and a little salt.

Whiten your Piano Notes by this method: Take some finely powdered whiting and apply it to the notes with a damp cloth, then polish with a dry cloth. Let the lid remain open and exposed to the light and air as much as possible. Rub the spots with lemon juice before applying the whiting. (*Reply to* PENTRE.)

Apple Shape. Peel, core and cut up six large apples, stew them with grated lemon peel, four ounces of sugar and a wineglassful of water; let all cook slowly till pulped, and if necessary pass through a sieve; dissolve six sheets of best gelatine in the pulp, and when nearly cold add a gill of cream which has been whipped. Pour into a plain mould, when set turn out and pour custard round the shape.

Try these Remedies for your Corns. Smear the corn with castor oil at night and wrap in soft rag. In the morning place a corn-plaister where any pressure comes from the boot. A regular treatment of this will ease you, I feel sure. When dandelions are to be had, squeeze some of the milky juice on to it and let it dry in. This will probably cause the corn to disappear as if by magic. Your previous letter did not reach me. I cannot deal with either of the other questions as I have had no experience of them. (*Reply to* T. LEVICK.)

Banana Jellies. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in sufficient cold water to cover, and let it stand all night. In the morning pour on it a pint of boiling water, add three ounces of lump sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the rind of one grated. Let all stand for a quarter of an hour, strain through a cloth and put in a few drops of red colouring (beetroot can be used), a drop at a time. Peel four ripe bananas and cut them in two in the middle; set upright in jelly tumblers, and pour in sufficient jelly to fill the glasses. Set to cook and, before serving, pile a little cream on each glass.

When Peeling Shallots, the disagreeable effect to the eyes may be prevented, a correspondent informs me, as follows. "Simply hold the end of a needle in the mouth while peeling. It may sound an absurd tale, but I have proved it otherwise, for I sat a few days ago peeling shallots for two hours holding the end of a darning needle in my mouth. The needle appears to be affected by the onions, for it was blue when I had finished." He adds that others in the room at the same time who did not follow his example were troubled with eye running etc. (*Thanks to* BRADBURY.)

All for One Penny. Are you aware of the enormous amount of useful and invaluable information you can obtain for the small sum of one penny? Perhaps you have never seen HOME NOTES. Every woman who has votes that no paper published at the price can beat it. It can be purchased every Friday, and is interesting from the very first page to the last. This week's issue will contain some designs for new and dainty tea-gowns, pretty evening frocks for children, and artistic fitments for windows, etc., etc., and those of you who are fond of fancy work will appreciate the article on "French Knot Embroidery."

Polish for Stoves. A teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with the stove polish will give great brilliance to the stove, which it will not speedily lose. (*Reply to* A. L.)

If any Reader of this page would like to know of a thoroughly reliable cure for headache, earache, or toothache, I will be glad to forward particulars as to where to obtain it if a stamped addressed envelope is sent to me.

Lavender Water. This recipe is, I suspect, the one you liked so well before. Take four ounces of rectified spirits of wine, one drachm of English oil of lavender, three drachms of essence of bergamot, and one drachm of essence of amber. (*Reply to* LEAMINGTON SPA.)

Fill Sauce-pans with cold water directly they are emptied, add a piece of soda and set on the stove again. This is especially helpful in the cleaning of utensils after cereals and sticky foods have been cooked in them.

Eggs in Cakes are becoming quite an extravagance at this time of year, but by observing my rule, two eggs will be found to go as far in enrichening a cake and making it light as three would in an ordinary way. First mix all the dry ingredients together, then the butter beaten to a cream, with the yolks of eggs and milk. Lastly add the stiffly beaten whites.

To Remove Blacklead from Steel first scrub the parts with very hot soda water, using a stiff brush and plenty of soap. Wipe dry and lay on equal quantities of paraffin and turpentine over night; next day scour with very coarse emery paper, two or three applications and scrubbings may be necessary. It is always a difficult matter to go off old blacklead from a stove but I have seen good results from the above process. (*Reply to* FOILED.)

Tomato Sauce. Peel one gallon of ripe tomatoes and five pods of red pepper; cook until tender. Strain through a coarse cloth. Then stir thoroughly into it two ounces of salt, two ounces of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, and one pint of vinegar. Boil slowly for three or four hours; whilst still warm, bottle and cork tightly. This will keep good for years, so ought to be made when tomatoes are cheap and there is a good crop. (*Reply to* F. TROTTMAN.)

Cocoanut Ice. Made from this recipe will, I feel confident, please you. Set one and a half pounds of loaf sugar into a brass pan over a clear fire with just sufficient water to prevent burning. When the sugar is dissolved add to it half a pound of grated cocoanut and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Have a nice baking-tin lined with buttered paper and pour two-thirds of the ice into it, colour the remainder with cochineal and pour evenly over the other. Stand in a cool place till cold and cut into bars. (*Reply to* KATHLEEN.)

Bottled Lemonade. Dissolve half a pound of lump sugar in a quart of water and boil it over a slow fire; add two drachms of acetic acid, four ounces of tartaric acid. When cold one or two pennyworth of essence of lemon. Place a sixth part of the above into each bottle, fill up with water and add thirty grains of carbonate of soda. Cork immediately and after twenty-four hours it should be quite fit for use. The other two recipes asked for are appearing in this page shortly. (*Reply to* REX.)

Ginger Wine made as follows is one of the best home-made wines I know, and the great advantage in it is that all the ingredients are put together cold. To every gallon of cold water add three and a quarter pounds of sugar, one and a half pounds of bruised ginger, two lemons, two oranges, and one sweet orange. Pare the oranges and lemons very thinly. Squeeze all the fruit. Put the juice and peel into a barrel, also one ounce of split raisins to every gallon. Do not quite fill the cask at first, and stir it well till the sugar is dissolved (two or three days). Then add a little yeast. Do not stir again but in about a week fill the cask and cork it up. This will be ready to bottle in three or four months. (*Reply to* LOMAX.)

Walnut Cake. Take two and a half ounces of Vienna flour, four ounces of caster sugar, four ounces of butter, four ounces of peeled walnuts, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of baking powder and a few drops of vanilla essence. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the sifted and dried flour in which the baking powder has been mixed. Chop the walnuts and add to the flour, etc. Take the whites of eggs only, whip to a very stiff froth and beat lightly into the cake mixture. Pour into a greased cake tin and bake for half-an-hour in a moderate oven. When the cake is half cooked, scatter a few halved and nicely peeled walnuts over the top. If you like to do so ice the cake and ornament with split walnuts. (*Reply to* WALNUT.)

Isobel

MOVING HOUSE TO OBLIGE THE CHILDREN.

Why you should be Careful of the Locality in which you Live.

Of the many domestic problems that have been propounded, perhaps none can be of such paramount importance to parents as that which affects the rearing of their children.

In every town there are "mixed" localities. These neighbourhoods are composed of families of many degrees in life; some, whose younger members are allowed to run about wild in the streets, undisciplined and vulgar, and other families whose little ones bear traces of having inherited the elements, at any rate, of refined organisation.

The families of this latter description are very numerous, and these are compelled, through sheer force of circumstances, to live in a house in an inferior neighbourhood.

Children in the same street play together, it may be for hours at a time, and the principal thing they pick up there is vice in one form or another.

Now, street playmates have an unqualified admiration for one another, and, as a rule, it is generally found that the leaders among them are those over whose natures hangs a doubtful source of origin in the matter of their home training.

You can always discern the timid and refined child from the rest. In the company of children who are rude, common, and vulgar, the refined child is seen to be out of place, he or she seems to be afraid of the others, to be awkward in a sense; yet the child appears to like joining in the fun.

The precocious and irreconcilable youngster of vicious habits dominates, organises, and aims at leadership in the amusements, a vulgar and domineering spirit which is easily traced to the child's rude surroundings.

We need not remind parents who are similarly situated in regard to their own children, that evil is a more powerful factor than good when the two influences meet.

In the case of street-playing children, the ill-reared child very quickly contaminates the good one, and destroys her natural timidity, her good qualities, and those elements of refinement we have spoken of. Indeed, it is a repetition of the tale of the one apple spoiling all the good ones in the same basket.

This, then, is the crucial question: What are the parents of a refined child to do in the circumstances?

The father, say, has but a very limited income, and cannot live elsewhere than in a neighbourhood which is "mixed," and where the children are the very reverse of well-behaved. His child—he may have more—is of tender years, with a supple and pliant disposition, and, perhaps, especially imitative, as many children are. She must have recreation; she goes out into the streets to play with the children of parents who have no idea whatsoever as to the working out of the problem in respect of the up-bringing of children; their children are gross and common.

Hardly a day passes without the refined child, owing to its associations, acquiring some fresh vice either in speech or in action, often both.

Ought the child to be punished for her acquired vice?

She may be punished, and very severely too, by the sensitive father or mother, but it really seems to be a cruel process, since the child cannot help picking up bad words and bad manners. She does this in her innocence in imitating the others.

Some parents might go so far as to say: "Oh, let the children play in the backyard," but that would be a dismal thing for a child to do, and besides, the drains are always a source of anxiety where children are playing.

There is only one way out. Remove from the inferior locality and live in a better neighbourhood.

How are you going to do that? The rent of a house in what we shall call an inferior neighbourhood is, on the average, say, seven-and-six a week. Spring half-a-crown a week more and take a house in a good locality. The good practical housewife can save that increase in some way better known to herself.

These remarks apply more to persons living in provincial towns, where houses are cheaper, than to Londoners. In the metropolis, families live in flats or share a house with others. Again, the children of Londoners are a trifle better behaved, all things being equal, than their little contemporaries in the provinces. But London children are not perfect ideals of what youngsters ought to be.

Find Out Something About Yourself.

Handwriting is the truest index to your character. Your method of forming a T may betray meanness; the tail of your G may show generosity. Ranee's character delineations are generally pretty accurate. Do not send for one if you dislike plain speaking. Address—

RANEE, *22 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.*

Inclose six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope with each specimen of handwriting.

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NEXT TIME—TRY ROWNTREE'S.

A TRUE HAIR GROWER.

A London business man makes a remarkable offer to readers of "Pearson's Weekly." He will send his preparation on trial

FREE TO YOU.

A FEW YEARS AGO THE TOP OF MY HEAD WAS ENTIRELY BALD. My father and grandfather were bald-headed. My mother's hair was naturally very thin also. I was quite reconciled to being bald-headed myself. One day, during a trip through Switzerland, I met with a learned elderly gentleman, who, in the course of conversation, asked if I were desirous of possessing a LUXURIANT GROWTH OF HAIR UPON MY HEAD. Naturally I was interested, and replied in the affirmative. He thereupon stated to me that he had been a life-long student of chemistry, and that he had made a feature of hirsutal matters. He gave me a formula, and suggested that I have it compounded, which I did upon reaching Geneva, and continued to use the preparation for a short time. In three weeks hair began to assert itself, and within FORTY DAYS my head was quite covered. I supplied some of the preparation to two friends—one of whom was a lady whose hair had been nearly lost—AND THE RESULTS IN EACH CASE WERE ASTOUNDING.

SINCE THEN I HAVE BEEN SELLING THE PREPARATION, HAVING OBTAINED PERMISSION TO DO SO FROM THE SAVANT WHO MADE THE DISCOVERY. I can testify to hundreds of similarly successful instances; in fact, it is most wonderful in effect. Equally potent for either sex. This is not a patented medicine. I have no fancy labels for it, nor is it sold at chemists' shops. To any reader who will write to me (enclosing two stamps to pay for postage, &c.), mentioning that he or she saw this announcement in this journal, I will gladly send a small quantity of the preparation, in a plain sealed wrapper, without charge, for the purpose of demonstrating its real value. Then when you find that the hair has began to grow, I will send you a further quantity at a small charge. Address—

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

THIS TO ARREST YOUR ATTENTION.

OGDEN'S 'GUINEA-GOLD' CIGARETTES

merit the continuance of your patronage because they're still unsurpassed. They always have been and will be—

British Made by British Labour.

THE WEEK END.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

THE last coupon in the first "Name Hunting" competition appears in this issue, and all those readers who have entered should send in their attempts by Thursday, October 31st. The next competition will deal with the names of actors and actresses, and is one in which everybody should take part. It will run for three weeks only, and the prizes are double those which were offered in the first competition. Following the names of actors and actresses will be another competition dealing with football, so that those who have been wise enough to secure a copy of "Football Who's Who?" will be able to make use of it again.

A. M. asks why decorators' English gold-leaf is packed between leaves of the Bible?————This is done because the paper on which the Bible is printed used always to be of much better quality than that supplied for ordinary books, and it keeps the gold-leaf in better condition.

J. G. S. is a bricklayer, and tells me of a smart way in which one of his mates conveyed a ladder from one place to another with very little trouble to himself. First of all he tried to induce the driver of a train to fix the ladder along the side of the tender; but as this was objected to, he carried it off the station to the side of a canal close by. Then he tied a rope around it, dropped it into the water, and towed it for four miles to the spot where he wanted to go.

A. S. M.—There are three or four different kinds of mushrooms. In some the gills are of a salmon pink as soon as the button opens. After about twelve hours they turn black, and after twenty-four hours they are quite black. Another kind are black from the first, and grow to a great size. The third are known as the "horse mushroom," and are very big and coarse. It is not advisable to eat the latter. Unless the gills of your mushroom are either flesh or salmon pink, or quite black, it would be inadvisable for you to experiment by eating them.

MAGGIE puts to me a very pertinent question: "As a constant reader of your paper I often notice you allude to yourself as being old. Now I am very curious to know if you are really old, or if it is only a joke of yours?"————Really, MAGGIE, this is most embarrassing. The answer depends entirely on what one would call old. Anyway, your Editor is old enough to know that your inquiry is simply a subterfuge for getting a pencil-case, and is also old enough to be weak enough, in the case of a young lady like yourself, to justify your getting one of the aforesaid pencil-cases by referring to your communication on this page. And now I hope that I have answered your question in a clear and satisfactory manner.

A. O. tells me that he has recently been observing how ignorant the average person is on the most trivial everyday subjects. "For instance," he says, "no one to whom I put the question could tell me at once into how many parts the silk portion of an ordinary umbrella is divided, although he may have carried one for years. Again, who but a policeman could say off-hand on which arm a policeman wears his striped band? Again, on which side of the bicycle is the chain—on the right or left of the rider? Little things like this clearly show whether the person asked is of an observant nature or not."————Can any other reader supply equally interesting instances in which the average person shows a sad lack of observation? I should be glad to give a solid silver pencil-case to the sender of the most interesting instance of the kind, and a gold-plated pencil-case to the sender of each of the next best twenty-five. Attempts should be written on post-cards, and should be addressed to the "OBSERVATION" Editor, to arrive not later than Tuesday, November 5th.

A BELFAST reader sends me an inquiry of which the following is an exact copy: "I have a notion of writing out a story, one that will fill about three pages of your paper, and if I was to complete it and send it to an editor, with perhaps a few stops put in their wrong places, is it his duty to correct such mistakes, or is he allowed to throw it to the side? Would you advise me to take the trouble to write out the story when I do not know very much about the stops?"———— I wouldn't advise you to do anything of the sort. Editors are not, of course, legally bound to insert stops in MSS. which are not properly punctuated; but, in their kindness of heart, they very often do, especially if the story is otherwise a good one. I do not think, if I were you, that I would worry about turning out that six thousand word story—at any rate for *P.W.* You see we never devote more than one page to a story, however good it may be, except on rare occasions. Do not think for a moment, my good Belfast friend, that I want to discourage you in any way. I fully believe that a huge number of readers have stowed away somewhere in their brains the very material for article and story writing for which a man who makes his living out of journalism would give his right hand; and yet these people are wholly ignorant of the wonderful capacity they have. The circle of *P.W.* readers has now grown so large, and embraces so many parts of the world, that there is no reason why the whole paper should not be contributed by readers themselves, either in the form of articles or ideas. As a matter of fact, a fairly big proportion of articles are the work of your fellow-readers, and there is no reason why you, yourself, should not put a little money in your pocket by suggesting ideas. You do not, of course, need to put yourself out in any way to do this. You need not give up your present business, nor need you even encroach upon the time it occupies. If you are observant and alert you will be able to evolve at least one idea a week, and as this idea, if it be a good one, may result in your obtaining from *P.W.* a couple of guineas for the column article which may be written about it, you should be able, allowing for failures, to make £30 or £40 in the course of a year. This is not perhaps a great deal; but it is better than allowing the ideas you may create to simply evaporate into thin air instead of jotting them down on paper and sending them in. But, there, whenever I get on to the subject of encouraging every reader to become a writer, I always occupy so much space that you will probably get tired of the topic. So, with the advice to a Belfast reader, to make his story short, we will get on to something more exciting.

G. S. WRITES: "In this week's issue of *Pearson's Weekly*, under the heading of 'Young Folks Paid to Marry,' there is an important instance unrelated, which I consider worth while sending you. In the reign of Henry VIII., Vesey, Bishop of Exeter, made provision for the marriage of poor maidens; but it was not till the year 1803 that the number annually to receive the marriage portion was definitely fixed at four, and the sum each receives is £24. They are selected on the 1st of May in one year, and each young person selected must attend with her marriage certificate the succeeding May, when she receives a cheque for the above amount."

"PAREDAO."—Ordinary used foreign stamps have not much sale in England, stamp dealers being able quite easily to obtain the particular stamps they require. Five shillings was obtained for the unused stamps you kindly sent for the FRESH AIR FUND.

L. R. H. tells me of a peculiar custom which obtains in the parish of Willingham, Cambs. It consists of ringing one of the church bells to regulate the time for the gleaners to enter and leave the fields. The first bell is rung at 7 a.m., and the second at 5 p.m. ————So far as I know this custom is unique. Perhaps other readers know of equally out-of-the-way customs for governing the movements of workers in the fields.

MRS. G. writes to ask me if I can tell her the average weight of clothing worn by a man and by a woman in winter. She is under the impression that in view of the heavy overcoat and thick material of the suits affected by men, their clothing must weigh considerably more than that worn by women.———— There is not a great deal of difference between the two. The most reliable costumiers and tailors, however, put down the average weight of a woman's winter clothing at 18lb., and that of a man at 15lb. A woman's costume, however, often means a difference of considerably more than three pounds to a man—if he happens to be her husband.

G. E. N. has noticed that it is possible to tell the character of the occupants of a house by their method of drawing blinds. If all are on a level and straight, they denote order and neatness. If they are all zig-zag, one higher than the other, this denotes carelessness. If they are drawn as high as they can go, you may take it that the occupant is hospitable and straightforward, while if they are only drawn up a little way the person responsible is usually rather mean.————I think this is going a little bit too far in character-reading. After all, in many households the servant is responsible for drawing the blinds, and naturally her character is depicted in the way they are done—if any character is depicted at all. Then again, sometimes the sun catches a certain window and necessitates the blind being partly drawn down, and in this case, rather than an indication of carelessness or meanness, a certain amount of care is obviously shown.

"Is there any earthly reason why we should shiver?" asks S. M. T. "It never seems to do any good, and is horribly annoying at times."————The human body may be regarded as a kind of stove, the heat of which is maintained by the combustion of the tissues and of food-stuffs. By means of ingenious mechanism the production and loss of heat are so balanced that the temperature of the body is always kept about 98·6deg. Fahr. A comparatively small variation from this point results in death. One of the chief sources of heat is the chemical action going on in the muscles. This action is much increased when the muscles are in a state of contraction. When, therefore, the body loses an exceptional quantity of heat, say, as the result of exposure, Nature seeks to replace the deficiency by causing involuntary contractions of the muscular system. In this way shivering serves a useful purpose by maintaining the temperature of the body at its normal point. Think of this when next you shiver, S. M. T.

E. J. D. has noticed great wagon loads of short faggots being discharged into certain London banks during the early morning hours, and wants to know if they are used instead of, or in addition to, coal.———— Nearly all the old banks, as well as the majority of the West-end clubs, burn faggots instead of common firewood. Preferring faggots to ordinary common firewood is neither a symbol of anything particular, nor a sign that its use is restricted only to banks and clubs. It has always been the custom of many banks to burn faggots simply because they have never tried the common firewood. They are quite satisfied with faggots. They are easier to kindle for one thing, and the reason they are not ordinarily used is because they cost more than common firewood.

"DOES any bird besides the hen notify the fact of its having laid an egg?" is the question which has been exciting JOHNNIE for some time past.————In reply, I have to say that the habit is practically confined to domesticated birds, and among them to those which lay eggs frequently and not only during the pairing season. The pea-hen, the turkey-hen, and the goose notify the fact by similar signs of satisfaction or self-congratulation. While it is probable that all birds have some way of expressing their satisfaction at the "happy event," it is easy to understand that wild birds should be less demonstrative than domesticated fowls, since a noisy advertisement of the fact that an egg had been laid would immediately attract their enemies to the nest, and then, of course, the egg would go.

AMONG the letters before me are no fewer than six on the subject of colour-blindness. Why six people should suddenly sit down and write to me on this subject, which has not been touched upon for many months, is a mystery. As for these letters, the most interesting is written by a correspondent who signs himself "A. S. D.," and who asks: "Is colour-blindness more often than not due to excessive use of tobacco?"———— ————The fact that colour-blindness is a by-product of civilization, has, by some investigators, been attributed largely to the effect of smoke. It is an easy argument to maintain. For instance, among the Finlanders and Norwegians, who live in an atmosphere of smoke, the average of those suffering from this defect of the vision is 5 per cent., which is higher than in any other European countries. Again, the Germans, who are great smokers, are also afflicted to a singular extent with a pronounced want of colour-sense. Add to this that while colour-blindness has been found to occur in about 4 per cent. of civilized European and American males, among the females, the average is only two-tenths per cent., and the smoke theory appears to be a strong one. It does not, however, account for the fact that the Dutch, who are persistent smokers, enjoy practical immunity from the disease, a remark which may also be made of both Italians and Indians.

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Sweet Caporal Cigarettes

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3D. PER PACKET OF 10

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PECULIAR THINGS IN PENCILS.

Some for Marking China, Glass, Tin-Kettles and Pots, and Some for the Human Skin.

Black and coloured lead pencils are common articles to the man on the street, but there is many another type of pencil which is not so generally known.

Artists' lead pencils, for instance, are made in more than fifty varieties, and as far as possible the wood of each is finished off to match the lead.

Men following the various professions, such as architects, engineers, draughtsmen, and the like, have frequent occasion to use very fine black and coloured leads, which are made specially for the purposes required and for which there is a continuous inside demand.

Then there is quite an army of pencils specially made for some particular purpose or form in checking and marking fine and delicate goods in offices and warehouses, and also for use in factories, and others for textiles, besides which there is the well-known carpenter's pencil. This latter variety is made not only in black but also in many colours, resembling somewhat those used by goods porters and clerks employed at goods stations, save that the shape differs. The carpenter's pencil is usually of an oval shape, whereas the large coloured and black lead pencils doled out to railway men by their stores are mostly octagonal in design, though many served out are of the ordinary shape.

The common idea with respect to pencils is that they may be used either on paper or on wood and there their usefulness ends. They can do more than that.

There are, for example, those specially made for marking on glass, writing on porcelain, polished metals, oilcloth, patent leather, and other materials, bodies upon which no amount of persuasion could make an ordinary pencil write anything.

The leads for the pencils intended for those specific articles are prepared expressly for the purpose required in each particular case, and they are as easily manipulated as the common lead pencil, whilst what is written may be rubbed out again without any trouble if an erasure be necessary.

You will find these odd pencils in use at china and glass shops, furniture dealers, and boot and shoe shops and warehouses, and so on. They are made with white or black leads, and also various coloured leads, comprising mostly red, blue, and yellow. Another peculiar sort of pencil, yet one which is unknown to the average man, is that one made expressly for the use of surgeons.

For anatomical purposes, and also for marking out lines and divisions on the surface of the body before performing an operation, the use of a lead pencil is sometimes necessary, and as the ordinary commercial article would be useless for this purpose a special pencil is made. This marks the skin as clearly as the common lead marks paper. The surgeon's pencil is made in black and also in colours.

Notwithstanding the extensive supply of pencils covering a large area of usefulness, yet manufacturers frequently get demands for new pencils for some particular special use beyond the general sphere of ordinary utility.

THEY GO FOR YOUR LUNGS.

Despite the fact that we are so constantly hearing about the lungs, there are thousands of persons who could not tell you exactly where they are, even if their lives depended on it. Yet almost all animals, from the man-eating tiger to the house cat, know the position of the lungs to a nicety.

Watch the cat as it springs on a bird, and you will find where that bird's lungs are situated. The cat infallibly springs on the back, just on what would be under the shoulder of a man. If thwarted in its spring, or in any way prevented from doing the thing in proper style, the cat will probably make for the bird's head or endeavour to cripple it, but with a fair chance it will go for the lungs.

The tiger, too, does the same, and the lion follows suit. We can recall cases of well-known travellers who have had a shoulder torn by a lion or tiger. Livingstone described how he felt under the ordeal. These animals usually crush right through the shoulder and get to the lungs.

COOL!

A little Irishman, smoking a short clay pipe entered the crowded inn of a market town, walked up to the bar, elbowed several customers aside, took a match from the matchstand on the counter, and then walked out without saying a word.

The astonished barman gazed after him and wondered who he was.

The very next morning the little Irishman walked into the same place, lit his pipe, and then made his way out again.

As he reached the door, the barman called after him: "I say, who are you?"

The Irishman turned round and said, "You know me," then went out.

Next day at the same time he came again, helped himself to a match as usual, and lit his pipe. He was just walking off when the barman caught him.

"Who are you?" asked the barman.

"Oh, you know me," replied the Irishman.

"No, I don't," said the barman. "Who are you?"

"Why," was the cool reply, "I'm the man that comes in here to light his pipe every morning."

Benevolent Lady (to newly-married charwoman): "And so you are married now, Lydia? I hope your husband is a good provider."

The Bride: "That he is, mum. He got me three new places to wash at last week."

"He isn't nearly such a bright and shining light as he thinks he is," said the young woman who discusses her acquaintance.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "and that's a very fortunate circumstance. If he were we could not look at him without using a piece of smoked glass."

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

And how John W. Stebbins Fell a Victim to it.

Of all forms of using tobacco, the small, paper-covered tube known as the cigarette is the most deadly. There are a thousand reasons for this.

In the first place, the cigarette smoker has no assurance that the tobacco is anything more than rubbish, which cannot be used in any other manner.

Secondly, the paper is well-known to be exceedingly poisonous. Not more so than genuine tobacco, probably, but there is a wild hilarity which follows the smoking of paper that speedily breaks down the strongest.

Thirdly, the cigarette is an insidious evil. It is so mild, and so handy, and so cheap, that the unfortunate smoker uses many more of them than he has any idea of. The other nine hundred and ninety-seven reasons need not be given here, as they have at various times been discussed in the public Press.

Even in the Far West frightful examples are to be found. The recent case of Mr. John W. Stebbins, of Arizona, will do much to open the eyes of the users of the vile weed in its vilest form. It will pain many good people to know that the cigarette has insinuated itself into the rural simplicity of Arizona. Hitherto the inhabitants of that territory have been a guileless pastoral people, who occasionally indulge in scalping, cattle raids, and bad whisky, enlivened by a murder now and then, but never has their worst enemy charged them with smoking cigarettes. Now this is changed.

It is no uncommon sight to see a gang of cowboys peaceably returning to camp, after sacking a village, each with a cigarette in his mouth. True, some of the most noble of the cowboys stood out against the growth of this habit, and shot a few of the smokers; but matters of policy prevented the universal adoption of this method of argument.

Stebbins fell an easy victim to the cigarette, and smoked incessantly. The effect of the habit on him was not noticed until one day he fired at a tenderfoot from the East three times in succession, and missed him every time. This alarmed his friends, and they besought him with tears in their eyes to abandon a habit that was doing so much to undermine his usefulness and influence on the plains.

Stebbins felt himself rather shaken and consulted a physician, who told him that if he did not give up cigarette smoking he would not live six months. Stebbins agreed to give up next week. This is a peculiarity of the cigarette smokers. They are always going to give up some time in the future.

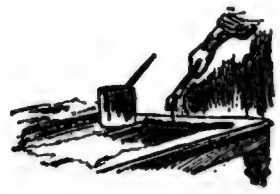
That night there was a social card party in the shanty. Stebbins sat on the powder keg. He let a cigarette stump fall on the keg. The party instantly broke up. Stebbins and part of the keg were last seen going through the roof. As neither have yet come down, serious fears are beginning to be entertained on that ranch that something has happened to Stebbins. Thus it is that the doctor's most sanguine expectations have been realised, and the name of John Warrington Stebbins has been added to the already long list of the victims of the deadly cigarette.

The Story of my Life—By a Glove.

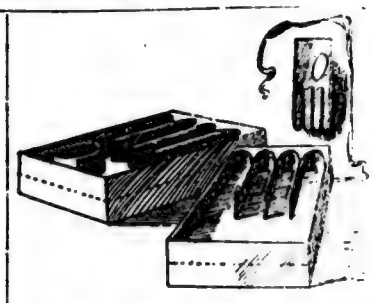
These are my parents—all of them. And I'm theirs obediently. You call me "kid," which is a very good joke. I'm a lot of other things besides. I'm dog, lamb sheep, goat, buck, doe, and pig.

Here I am in the form of a skin. I'm what they call only in the "rough." At this stage of my being I am about 18 inches long by 12 wide. My beauty is more than skin deep.

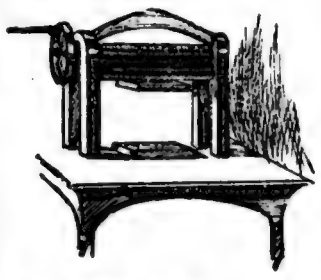
This is where my hide gets a good tanning. I am either tanned or dressed—separate processes. Pay from about 5s. to 10s. 6d a pair for me and you have me dressed. Below that price I am merely tanned.



I am only just beginning to like things when they put me to dye. But I live through it. I am dyed only on one side. They have to treat me kindly. They take a brush dipped in the dye and smear my face over with it.

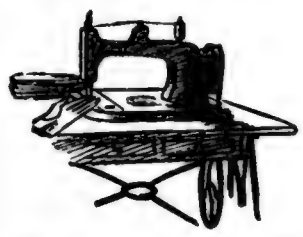


They now stretch and pull me about with their fingers in a determined manner to make me soft and pliable. After which they put me on a stamp all ready for the machine to drop on me. This is the stamp.



I am dropped on now by a big machine. This cuts me out with the aid of a stamp. A man turns a wheel, the press falls on me and willing hands pick me up. It's done so quickly.

Half a glove onward! The rest is behind me—three more like myself. We four now have our faces washed with talc powder and we come out of the ordeal with shiny faces. They call it "polishing."



This is where I now get the needle. All my parts are sewn together by machine girls, who sing sweetly to me whilst they have me in hand. They call me by these names—quirks, fourchets, gussets and welts. When I am "ribbed" and "buttoned" I'm done.

Fixed up at last. This man has me. He never inquired where I came from. All the same to him whether I come from Worcester, Mont, Vendome, Brussels or Copenhagen. Men are such strange creatures—and women too.

This is how they treat me after a week or two. And they made such fuss of me at first! This is the period of my short life when Mary Jane collars hold of me and cleans up the fire-place with me. Good-bye!

Fettered Lives.

A STORY OF THE PRISON AND THE STAGE.

By Henry Farmer.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

REGINALD STANLEY.
A convict, falsely accused of the murder of Sir Ronald Dunnavon, who has escaped from prison and is acting in *Fettered Lives* Company under the name of KEITH LESLIE. He is in love with Esmée Conyers.

ESMÉE CONYERS.
The stage name of Stanley's sweetheart, Amy Cunningham. Also in *Fettered Lives* Company.

CULLY SCOTT (alias the "Smasher").
A convict who has escaped from prison with Stanley, and who has forced Gilderoy to engage him and his partner in the company to cover their escape.

GILDEROY.
Manager of *Fettered Lives* Company.

AUSTYN SELINCOURT.
A "man about town" in league with Harley Garside to commit burglaries.

HARLEY GARSIDE.
An actor-burglar. In love with Esmée and jealous of Stanley.

CRUMP.
A Scotland Yard detective, in charge of both the capture of the convicts and the discovery of Garside's robberies.

RADSTONE.
Playing part of hero in *Fettered Lives*, but discharged for being intoxicated. His part is given to Stanley.

SAM BLOBBS, ZOE DELISLE, GLADYS MELLOR. } Acting in *Fettered Lives*.

TOMLINSON.
Selincourt's new manservant.

THE THREAD OF THE STORY.

CRUMP makes the acquaintance of Tomlinson, Selincourt's new manservant, whom he suspects of complicity in the jewel robberies. Tomlinson sees the jewels in Selincourt's possession, and by an accident secures a marquise diamond ring. Gilderoy tells Stanley that Radstone is guilty of his attempted murder, and is not expected to live. But Cully Scott has the handkerchief which proves Garside to be the culprit.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which a Glimmer of Light Dawns upon Cully Scott.

THE nurse stepped back into the adjoining room and closed the door. A moment later, the Smasher was gripping Stanley's outstretched hand in both his own.

"Better are you?" he questioned huskily, his ferrety eyes eagerly searching for an answer on the pale face that seemed to have aged much since last he had seen it.

"Better, yes, Scott! Better, too, for seeing you; but——"

He shivered.

"But what?"

"I've only just learnt the truth from Gilderoy. It's stunned, horrified me. I can hardly bring myself to believe it. And you, Scott. I don't know what to say to you—how to thank you! Gilderoy told me that you"—he flinched—"cut the rope."

"Say no more about it," whispered the Smasher quickly, "let's put all o' that on one side now. A shake of your 'and more than pays for that. It ain't been 'cos I 'aven't been thinkin' of you, 'aven't been 'itchin' to come to you, that I've kept away, only circumstance is circumstance, and folk might begin to talk if I was allus 'angin' around you"—he glanced almost guiltily at the flowers and grapes that he had deposited on the table—"I should 'ave left them there trifiets without a-comin' in, if I 'adn't met our pal, Gilderoy. 'Scuse me whisperin' so low, won't you? One 'as to be careful when there's key'oles and womenkind about."

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the door. Stanley smiled faintly at the homely aphorism. The Smasher possessed wariness as well as bulldog strength.

"Not but what," he continued, "your nurse ain't pleasant spoken and 'as got a nice face. I only wish we wasn't a-goin' to leave you be'ind. I'm afeared it 'ull be lonesome for you."

Stanley, too, dreaded the prospect. It meant separation from the woman he loved, from his newly-made theatrical friends, from the big-hearted man to whose unselfish devotion and unswerving loyalty he owed more than he felt capable of being able ever to repay. He was not given to whine and make moan. In the presence of others he made light of his physical and mental suffering; but he was in a state of mind when love and companionship and work, in that they distract and help to induce forgetfulness, were very necessary to him. A fresh horror had been added to the ever-present strain and danger of the false position into which circumstance had forced him. A period of inaction and comparative isolation lay before him. And inaction meant an opening of the gates of his soul to the torturing doubts and fears and problems that were always hovering around like ill-omened birds of prey awaiting their opportunity.

"I am afraid there's no getting out of it, Scott. It's just got to be gone through with."

"Yus. That's the way to look at it. Spilt milk, so to speak, is spilt milk, and there ain't no good done cryin' over it." And if we ain't with you, our thoughts will be, and there are sich things as letters, though I'm a poor scholard myself. And, bless your 'eart, you'll be strong and well and up on your pins agen afore you knows where you are!"

The Smasher's optimism was assumed; but he had not come there for the purpose of depressing his young toff. As, sitting beside the bed, he talked in a low whisper, he avoided all reference to the disaster, to Radstone, to the probabilities of police complications. There would be yet time to discuss these matters before he left Aylingford.

"I'm glad they've got a nurse for you," he continued, "though there's somebody what I know, bless 'er sweet 'eart, would have done far better than the party next door. But there, it couldn't well 'ave been. She's told me that they let 'er see you."

A flush warmed up Stanley's pale face.

"God bless her!" he whispered, his eyes resting on the flowers beside the bed.

"Ditto repeato to that!" murmured the Smasher huskily.

"And, Scott, when you're at Branley, you'll take care of her for me, won't you?"

"I shall be 'overin' around somewhere in the background."

"You know what a foul-mouthed brute Gilderoy is when he loses his temper. You remember how he behaved at Berkington."

"Let me ketch 'im tryin' on that game agen," muttered the Smasher, with an ugly hardening of the bulldog face, "and I'll be down on 'im like a couple o' ton o' bricks. But at the same time, sir, we must give Old Nick 'is dues, and 'e's been behavin' quite nice—at least, for 'im—lately. Though, of course, 'e can't very well bloomin' 'elp 'isself, seein' 'ow 'e's situate."

Stanley lay silent for a few moments. Then a shadow crossed his face, and he whispered abruptly:

"Scott, I wonder how it's all going to end?"

The Smasher shook his head grimly.

"Ah, sir, now you're askin' a question. For your sake, sir, I only wish I could answer it. All I can say to you is 'things might be a durned sight worse.' They ain't summery; but they might be worse. You remember that night on the moor in the fog? We didn't know where we was a-goin'; but we kept on a-goin', and came out all right. And that's what we've got to do now—keep on a-goin'. Set your back teeth and smile with your front ones, and keep on a-goin'. If you've got to be took, be took game; if you've got to die, die game—them's my sentiments!"

The expression on the Smasher's features was that of a man who, having placed his back against a wall, intends to fight to the last. When, after a preliminary knock, the nurse entered, he scrutinised her keenly, almost jealously.

"If you're not wanting anything, Mr. Leslie," said the nurse, "I should like to slip out to the post-office."

"Certainly, nurse."

"She looks a bit of all right," admitted the Smasher rather grudgingly after her departure. "What's 'er name?"

"Nurse Marjorie."

Stanley paused for a moment.

"And do you know whom she was nursing before she came to me?"

"No."

"My cousin, Austyn Selincourt."

"What, 'im that you told me was heir arter you to Sir Ronald Dunnavon's money?"

"Yes."

"'Im that you seed outside the Globe Theatre that mornin' that you was re'earsin' there?"

"Yes. And it wasn't chance that took him there, after all. At least, I fancy not. He was probably waiting for Garside."

"Eh, what?" rasped out the Smasher sharply.

"He was probably waiting for Garside. The nurse tells me that they are great friends."

The Smasher brought his teeth together with a click. There was a sudden contraction of the beetling eyebrows, and the gimlet eyes flashed. A glimmer of light had dawned upon him. He felt in one of his pockets. His gnarled, mis-shapen fingers closed tightly round the rolled up handkerchief, red and dotted with white spots. So Garside, the actor-cracksman, whose handkerchief it was, was a friend of Austyn Selincourt who, in the event of Stanley's death, would inherit the Dunnavon wealth! The lines deepened on the Smasher's slanting forehead, and told of doubt and perplexity.

Stanley heard the snap of the teeth and noticed the sudden change of expression.

"Why, Scott, what's amiss?"

"I was jest wonderin'," he answered very slowly, "if so be on that day that you see'd Selincourt, 'e likewise might 'ave see'd you!"

"I am almost certain he didn't; in fact, I am sure. I ought to think myself lucky that I haven't come across him since, under the circumstances."

"You and 'im were never partikler pals, were you?"

"He was always rather a puzzle to me, Scott. His views of life were different to mine, and I didn't really know him well. There was a coolness between the two branches of the family—perhaps I was the cause, though it wasn't exactly my fault. I came into the world ten years later than Austyn. But if he did bear me a grudge for coming between him and the money, he never showed it. Three-quarters of a million, Scott"—there was a rather bitter ring in Stanley's voice now—"he should have it, anybody should have it, if it would buy me proof of my innocence."

The Smasher gritted his teeth together. The bitterness of the intonation cut into his heart. It was always facing them, that blank wall. He cursed his own impotence.

"And I'd chuck in ten year o' my life," he rasped, "only let me see you put straight in the eyes of the world, only let me see the weddin' ring on sweet'eart's finger"—he was whispering huskily and very quickly—"they could take me back to chokee then. I'd go along with 'em quiet as a lamb, and a grin all over my ugly mug. 'Cos why? 'Cos my life's job would 'ave been done!"

Stanley was too touched to note the humorous homeliness of expression. There was a mingling of grim pathos and humour, too, in the Smasher's next speech:

"You see, I ain't innercent as you was—not that it worrits me—the fourteen stretch what the judge give me was quite fair and straight, from 's point o' view. Nobody but me did the job, and if I got my belly full, I'd fair earned it. Since I was a nipper of seven years old, it's been one long sloggin' match between the law and me. We've both on us 'it 'ard at times. And, lookin' back'ards, it strikes me the law's 'ad a bit the best o' the game. P'raps if my eddication and circumstance, so to speak, 'ad been different, I might' ave been a different sort of bloke myself"—the man's untutored philosophy was peeping out—"but, though I says it as shouldn't, nobody's 'eard me' plead extenuatin' circumstances, nor yet throw myself on the mercy of the court. In the next world, may be, I shall; but I reckons the scales and weights is different there—at least, I 'opes so. I shall want a lot o' make-weight in the scale along with me. But there, I'm wanderin' from the subject. Only some'ow, when I gits alongside you, sir, I've a way of lettin' myself go."

For a few moments he sat silent, his huge shoulders hunched up almost level with his ears, his working brows telling of a busy brain.

"At the time of Sir Ronald's murder," he whispered at last, "was this 'ere Selincourt anywhere round about?"

Stanley gave a little start.

"No. He was not on very good terms with Sir Ronald. He was in Paris at the time."

"What was up between 'im and Sir Ronald?"

"I believe Sir Ronald took objection to a man called Ruddock with whom Austyn was very intimate. From all accounts, he was not a very desirable person. I only met him once."

"Who was this 'ere Ruddock? Where did 'e come from?"

"I couldn't tell you. I never knew. On the one occasion that I met him I'm afraid I came to the conclusion that he was—well, a rank outsider. I couldn't think what Austyn saw in the fellow."

"Then you don't know what Sir Ronald 'ad got agen this 'ere Ruddock?"

"He was a proud, unbending man, Scott, and filled with a pride of race. He objected to anyone of the family associating with those whom he looked upon as socially inferior."

"What's become of this 'ere Ruddock now?"

"I haven't the faintest idea, Scott."

Again the Smasher lapsed into a state of silent meditation.

"Strikes me," he muttered at last, "that there's what yer might call a helement of mystery about this 'ere Ruddock."

Stanley glanced at him quickly.

"You don't think——"

"No. I'm only wonderin'. You see, you've never mentioned 'is name to me afore when we've talked things over."

"Why should I have done so, Scott. I don't even know that Sir Ronald knew the man personally. The fact that Austyn was associating with a man whose reputation was none of the nicest may have reached him through an indirect channel."

There was a tap on the door, and the nurse entered. The Smasher rose regretfully.

"Good-bye to you, Mr. Leslie. We don't leave 'ere for Branley till Sunday, and, if I ain't intrudin', I shall take the liberty of callin' to see you agen."

He was Nelson, the baggage man, now.

Outside the house he lighted his stumpy pipe, and, with puckered forehead and mouth grimly set, started away for his combined room.

"'E makes light of 'is trouble," he said to himself, "like the game, gritty young toff that 'e 'is; but 'e's shaky as 'e can be. I ain't a-goin' to say nothink to 'im yet about this 'ere 'andkerchief business. It'll only give 'im fresh cause for worritin'. But I'm a-goin' to watch you, Mister hactor-cracksman Garside. So you're a pal of Selincourt's, are you? If my young toff 'ad come to grief there'd 'ave been no one standin' between Selincourt and the money. What with that and that 'andkerchief, there's a durned fishy look about things. And yet 'ow do I know that Selincourt even knows that Keith Leslie is 'is cousin?"

Once within his room, he drew out the handkerchief and stared at it.

"More than ever I feel there's a game bein' played be'ind our backs. But my cursed 'ands is tied. And what about this 'ere Ruddock, bad lot and pal o' Selincourt's?"

His teeth grated on his pipe stem.

"There's a glimmer o' light about. I'm thinkin' some'ow that I've got one end o' the thread in my 'and, but there's a mighty big tangle in front o' me. But I feel like a cove what's fightin' agen odds with one 'and tied be'ind 'is back."

A thread has two ends.

The Smasher was right. He held one end of the thread. The other end was in the hand of Detective Inspector Crump of Scotland Yard.

And in between the two men was a very complicated tangle.

If "A Severe Storm" signifies "Tempest" (Marie Tempest), what actor's name does "Not Wrong" indicate?——

"Oh, God! The rope, the rope—it's strangling me!"

The words, screamed out, broke the stillness of the night.

Nurse Marjorie sprang up from the couch on which she had been dozing and darted into the bedroom. Swift as thought she turned up the light.

Stanley lay white as a ghost, his limbs shivering, his hands at his throat. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Amy—Amy—Amy!"

His eyes were wide open and filled with horror. But he was dreaming.

"Amy!"

The nurse touched him lightly on the forehead. He awoke with a start.

"Hush. You've been dreaming. It is I—nurse!"

For a moment he stared at her unseeingly. Then the expression of horror changed to one of recognition.

"You, nurse," he panted, "I'm afraid I've startled you; but—but it was a frightful dream!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Another Piece Takes its Place Next Week.

"I am not stumped, only becalmed," muttered Crump as he leant back against the mantelpiece in his sitting-room, his notes in his hand, "and a breeze may spring up at any moment. I am keeping the proverbial weather eye open. And if I am becalmed, at all events I am not making any lee-way."

He glanced at the substantial appetising tea spread out upon the table, and chuckled. He was expecting those little rascals, Katie and Freddie, and a large red box on the toy shelf betokened a fresh surprise in store for them. Then he turned his attention to his notes. Four days had elapsed since the evening on which he had been introduced to Mr. Peck, Lord Carnedyne's butler. What little he had added to his notes ran thus:

"XII.—Grogan's report.

Tuesday.—Garside left Selincourt's flat shortly before midnight. Visited 'The Dalmatians' (notorious gambling club). Left there about five o'clock for 18 Gresson Street, Clanroy Square.

Wednesday.—Nurse Marjorie left. Garside took up quarters with Selincourt. 'Dalmatians' again at night. Back at three o'clock.

Thursday.—Ditto.

Friday.—Ditto. Visited a chemist's shop. Obtained morphia, showing doctor's signed order, and signing poison book.

"XIII.—I have visited 'Cock and Feathers' nightly. But am no forrarder as far as Tomlinson is concerned. Very artful. Have made arrangements to try little experiment, not unconnected with certain marquise diamond ring."

Crump folded up his notes.

"I am wondering," he muttered, "whether Garside's visit to Selincourt is likely to bear fruit at Branley, where *Fettered Lives* is due next week, or at some more distant date. Yes, I think I shall have to go to Branley. It will be safe to leave things here in Grogan's hands for the time. What does Garside want with morphia? Morphia fiend, I suppose. He looks like it. I've come across a good many of 'em, men and women, and it's generally been a lunatic asylum, suicide, or the hangman's rope at the finish. It needs a curious, devilish kind of cunning, and kills self-respect as dead as a door nail."

The little man gave a sigh; then, a moment later, the homely, clean-shaven face beamed all over. The door was flung open. Katie and Freddy burst into the room and hurled themselves upon "Uncle" Crump, their affection taking the form of what was almost physical violence. And in spite of the fact that they wiped their boots on his trousers, crumpled his collar, and nearly strangled him by drawing tight his tie, he fairly revelled in their greeting. And when, after tea, he took down from the shelf the red box that contained a clockwork train, with rails, and a station, and a tunnel, and little rigid tin passengers of a decidedly made-in-Germany appearance, the children fairly shrieked with delight, and Uncle Crump was again severely, but affectionately, mauled. And when at last Katie and Freddie, carrying the box between them, departed, anyone seeing Crump, and not knowing the circumstances, might have easily imagined from his appearance that he had been engaged in a sharp tussle with some recalcitrant criminal.

"Better than a tonic," he chuckled as he retired to his bedroom to change his collar and brush his clothes.

The clocks were striking nine when he entered the bar parlour of the "Cock and Feathers." Tomlinson and Peck were seated at their usual table. Greetings were exchanged.

"What will you partake of, Mr. Peck?" asked Crump politely.

"A glass of port, Mr. Duffy."

"And you, Mr. Tomlinson?"

"The same, Mr. Duffy."

Lord Carnedyne's cigars were handed round, and commonplace conversation was indulged in for some little while.

"And how," said Crump presently, "is your scrap-book progressing, Mr. Peck?"

"I've been busy with it, Mr Duffy. I am collecting all the accounts I can of this Aylingford affair. What a shocking business!"

"Very, indeed!"

"Curiously enough," chimed in Tomlinson, in his rather inflectionless voice, "one of the *Fettered Lives* company is a friend of Mr. Selincourt's; he's staying with him now."

"Indeed! You surprise me." Mr. Peck elevated his eyebrows. "I should not have thought Mr. Selincourt would have fraternised with a member of the play-acting community."

"Mr. Garside is a gentleman," said Tomlinson in a manner that implied that the average actor was not.

Crump fumbled in a pocket and produced a note-book. He took from it a slip cut from a newspaper.

"I thought, perhaps, Mr. Peck, you might like this for your book. It refers to the Lancaster jewels."

Tomlinson's expression changed, ever so slightly. But Crump observed. Then he read aloud:

"'The Lancaster Jewel Robbery. The police are said to be in possession of an important clue that may possibly lead to an arrest. The clue is said to be not altogether unconnected with a certain marquise diamond ring, property of the Duchess."

Tomlinson's face changed colour. He shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Pooh," said Peck contemptuously, "that means nothing. That paragraph has been inspired by the police just to deceive the public into the belief that they are doing something."

"Perhaps," said Crump mildly. "But what if that ring has been traced to a pawnbroker's, or to a receiver of stolen goods—'fence' I believe is the professional term—and the police were on the look-out for the person who pawned or otherwise disposed of it. What then?"

Tomlinson rose rather abruptly.

"You're leaving us early," said Crump regretfully.

"Yes. I've promised to call in upon a friend before I turn in for the night."

"Well, perhaps I'd better be going, too. I'm leaving London early to-morrow."

"Oh!"

"Yes. I've heard of a situation in the country, a very comfortable berth, Mr. Tomlinson. Fifty pounds a year, and I should say tips and perquisites would be worth another seventy or eighty."

Outside "The Cock and Feathers" Crump shook hands with Tomlinson, and moved away in the opposite direction—for about twenty yards. Then he faced about sharply, quickened his pace, and Tomlinson was being shadowed.

After half an hour's brisk walking, Austyn Selincourt's manservant paused at a house in Beckwith Street, Baker Street. He rang the bell, and was admitted.

A few moments later Crump sauntered past. Without pausing, he read what was written across the ground floor window in white porcelain letters:

"Manette, Modiste. Latest Paris Fashions. Original Creations."

An hour later, Crump was back in his sitting-room, pen in hand, and his notes in front of him. He leant forward and wrote:

"XIV.—Manette, Modiste, 12 Beckwith Street, Baker Street.

Paragraph (inserted by myself) had desired effect on Tomlinson. Obviously agitated. Hurries off to Manette. Why? Is this ring in her possession, or has it been? Is she one of the gang, and a vehicle for the disposal of the stolen stuff? Communicate with Paris and Continental police. Detail off reliable man to shadow Manette. Another piece has taken its place on the board."

Crump ceased writing abruptly and wagged his pen at the empty chair.

"Yes, my dear fellow, I could write much more. I could set down a little theory that's in my mind, a little theory of theft within theft; but I won't, my dear fellow, because I don't feel I've sufficient justification at present. Yes, you're right. Jumping too quickly at conclusions is one of my faults. It has been responsible for many of my failures."

He locked up his notes.

"Yes, I shall have to turn a couple more men on to this business. I had thought of going to Branley to-morrow. But there's too much to be done. I must make it Monday instead!"

He started to pace the room; then stooped to pick up something from the floor. It was a metal passenger of foreign appearance belonging to Katie's and Freddie's railway. He placed it carefully on the mantelpiece.

"You had a hair-breadth escape, my little fellow," he chuckled; then he rubbed his hands together.

"This promises to be the most exciting case I've been engaged upon for a long time!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Good-bye, Sweetheart!"

The London theatrical agent had only supplied Gilderoy with an actor to play temporarily the part of Jack Fairway. There had been daily rehearsals. Gilderoy had sworn lustily on the receipt of a letter from Garside, inclosing a doctor's certificate. A week's rest was essential to his health; but he would be at Branley early on Monday morning and would run through his scenes with the new man. A deep air of depression hung over the company. It was impossible to forget the terrible disaster. Sam Blobbs, given to be superstitious, was continually murmuring that misfortunes never came singly; but went in threes. Everybody took it for granted now that there was something between Esmée and Keith Leslie. It was known that she had been to see him more than once. Nothing could have exceeded the kindly sympathy that was shown to her. She was deeply grateful. It helped her. But Gilderoy, taking advantage of Stanley's absence, was again beginning to assume an air of coarse familiarity that was odious.

There was a tendency to avoid Zoe Delisle. It was felt that her conduct had been in a measure responsible for Radstone's hate for Stanley. Since the disaster she had been in a chronic state of hysteria, rage, jealousy, and what might be called "brandy-and-sodaism." Heartless, insincere, she felt no pity for Radstone, the man she had cajoled to her heart's content, and who still lay hovering on the confines of death. Rather she hated him for having injured the man for whom she had conceived a violent passion. It filled her with a raging jealousy to hear the company whisper of a supposed secret engagement between Esmée and Leslie. She was beginning to ponder how she could wreak her spite on the woman whom she looked upon as having supplanted her in Leslie's affections. She had called daily to inquire after him, always leaving affectionate messages and offerings of flowers, both of which had been abhorrent to him. And it was only the diplomacy of the nurse, thanks to a hint from Stanley, that kept her out of his bedroom. He was beginning to look upon her as a species of nightmare.

On the Saturday morning a telegram had arrived at the theatre addressed to "Nelson, baggage man." The Smasher's features had twisted up curiously when he read the name "Garside" at the end of the message—a request that Nelson would pack up his theatrical clothes and properties as he, Garside, was travelling direct to Branley.

"'E ain't missed 'is 'andkerchief yet," muttered the Smasher grimly.

The company was timed to leave Aylingford station at midday, Sunday. Every member of the company called to say good-bye to Stanley, and spoke sincere words of sympathy. Sam Blobbs nearly wept. When the nurse announced Miss Delisle, Stanley whispered, almost pathetically: "Don't leave me alone with that woman."

Cobb, the stage carpenter, when his turn came to say good-bye, whispered huskily that he would never forgive himself for having pulled the lever.

The Smasher sat for some time beside his young toff's bed, and said much in a low voice.

Esmée was the last of all to say good-bye. The nurse left the room.

The inevitable moment of parting came all too swiftly.

"If, beloved," whispered Stanley, looking up into Esmée's eyes, "you're in trouble or doubt whilst I'm away from you, remember you have a faithful friend in Scott. I can't bear the thought of parting from you, but it will only be for a little while."

He spoke more confidently than he felt. There was no knowing what the morrow might bring forth.

"You must not be anxious about me, Rex," she answered quiveringly. "All you must think about is getting well and strong. My thoughts will be only of you"—she pressed a hand to her bosom where nestled the heart-shaped pendant—"it is here, my talisman!"

Their lips met.

"Good-bye, beloved, good-bye!"

"Good-bye, sweetheart," whispered Stanley, "but only for the present."

"Yes, only for the present, please God! Only for the present."

There is a sad finality about "good-bye," unless it be softened with "for the present."

Another kiss. A movement towards the door as if to go. A movement back. A quickness of breathing. A stifled sob. A man's husky cough. And it was over!

Presently the faint sound of the front door being closed penetrated into the bedroom.

And Stanley's heart was filled with an aching sense of utter loneliness.

* * * * *

"I say, laddie," said Blobbs, addressing Rawdon Pentworth as they stood together on the strewed stage of the Theatre Royal, Branley, "Garside doesn't look any better for his rest. 'Pon my soul, the poor chap doesn't look as if he were long for this world."

The final rehearsal for the new Jack Fairway was in progress. Gilderoy sat at a table close to the T-piece; those of the company who were not actually rehearsing clustered together in little groups. To Esmée, as she stood in the shadowy background, the whole scene seemed reminiscent of that morning at the Globe Theatre when she had learned that Keith Leslie was Rex Stanley. She, too, had noted Garside's haggard, grey face and the unnatural glitter of his restless eyes; then her thoughts had flown away to Stanley lying alone on his bed of sickness and her eyes had dimmed with tears. There was an aching void in her heart that nothing could fill. When she had arrived on the stage, Garside was in the act of rehearsing. She had not spoken to him as yet. But when his scene was finished he approached and shook hands. His mobile features twitched. He stammered noticeably when he spoke. Esmée could feel his hand trembling. He glanced at her pale, wan face, then averted his eyes to hide from her their tell-tale look of remorse. But when she spoke to him in words of unaffected sympathy, remorse yielded to the old sensation of overmastering passion.

The Smasher slouched past, raised his forefinger respectfully; but there was an ugly scowl on his slanting forehead.

"Now then, Miss Conyers," cried Gilderoy impatiently, "suppose you attend to business and do a little less talking. We don't want to spend the whole day in the theatre."

Esmée had not heard her cue. Garside flushed a little. The Smasher's hands tightened up, and he muttered something under his breath. Zoe Delisle sniggered as Esmée hurried forward.

"Look here, Miss Conyers," added Gilderoy savagely, "business is business, as you'll find out to your cost!"

Esmée drew in a sharp breath; then spoke her lines.

"Why can't the brute let the poor girl alone," growled Sam Blobbs under his breath, "can't he see that she's pretty nearly heart-broken at having left her laddie behind?"

At the conclusion of the rehearsal, after the company had left the stage, Gilderoy still remained at the table by the T-piece, his glossy hat tilted over his eyes, the expression on his coarse features a mixture of savagery and sensuality.

"I'll bring her down to her knees yet," he muttered. "She'll find a little surprise in store for her when she comes down to the theatre to-night."

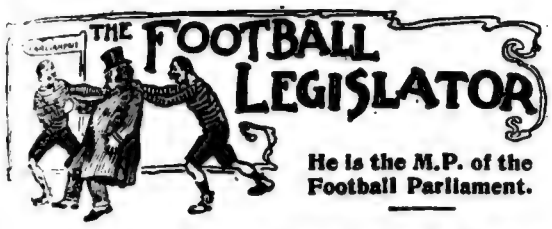
He strode away to the dressing-room that temporarily served him as an office, and wrote a note, addressing it to Miss Esmée Conyers.

Leaving the note with the stage doorkeeper, he passed round to the front of the house and entered the box office with the object of ascertaining the state of the booking. He was staring at the plan that the clerk had handed him when a homely, clean-shaven face peered through the semi-circular opening.

"Can I have a dress-circle seat for to-night?" inquired Detective Crump of Scotland Yard.

(To be continued.)

——If you can solve this little problem you certainly stand a good chance of winning £50 in the big competition which starts next week.



He is the M.P. of the Football Parliament.

WE wrote the other week about the football lawyer. The football legislator is a much more important personage, and his election is surrounded by almost as many forms, his retention of his seat is almost as much a matter of anxiety, and his work in some senses as trying as that of the gentleman who goes to St. Stephen's.

There are private members, there are those who may be said to be in the ministry, as with the councils of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland; and there is in reality a House of Lords, for the International Board may approve or disapprove of any proposed alteration of the laws of the game. Nothing in this way is binding without their unanimous approval, and everything they pass comes into force at the time they name and is binding on every player and club playing the game in a real sense.

As with the House of Commons and the House of Lords, these two "orders," as they might almost be called, have their own privileges and functions, which are most jealously guarded. The national associations are much more radical than the International Board, which is said to be even more conservative than our House of Lords.

So much has the unwillingness of the Board to meet the demands for reform been in evidence, that there have been loud cries for its "mending or ending"; but up to the present no shuffling of the votes has tended to produce this result.

HOW DEADLOCKS OCCUR.

Truth to tell, however, the secret of the failure really lies in the game of cross-purposes at which the national associations often play. One desires an alteration to the "penalty kick" laws, but will not vote for any modification of the vexed "offside" rule. Another wishes to enforce a rule by which associations should be able to command the services for international games of players registered with associations of a different nationality, and won't vote for either the offside or the penalty alteration.

Hence the deadlock, which even the clubs—supposed to have supreme power, as with the electors in our English Parliament—fail to overcome.

The election of members to the council of the Football Association—and we only take this as a sample—is a matter of the gravest import and form. There is a returning officer, Lord Kinnaird, as president, occupying the post; and he must count the votes on the date fixed according to the rules laid down.

There are laws against bribery and corruption, conviction on which renders the election void, and lays the guilty ones open to the utmost rigors of the law.

Let not the unsophisticated reader imagine these are only forms. There have been cases of bribery, and in the days of greater freedom and less responsibility, whole elections are said to have been unduly influenced, and the richer clubs are said to have spent hundreds of pounds to force their ends.

WHEN CLUBS WERE "GOT AT."

The British Association, which was formed to legalise professionalism at the time when it seemed certain the English Association would take the course since pursued by the Rugby Union, was openly charged with "working" certain elections unfairly.

People who were opposed to professionalism held that the British Association "got at" the lesser clubs and spent a large sum of money in getting men returned and clubs represented so that their object might be attained.

The excitement created thereby equalled in its way the struggle for some big Bill in Parliament, and as much delirious joy was created amongst the clubs by the legalising of professionalism as if some Reform Act had suddenly come into operation.

Even now, when bribery is specifically forbidden, there is a great deal of wire-pulling and working. There are cabals and cliques, which push their objects systematically, as with Aston Villa, Everton, Liverpool, and Newcastle, now, in endeavouring to work up an agitation against the rule which limits wages to £208 per year.

Only last year we narrowly missed—on the player's transfer question—what would have been a disruption of the Association world. People behind the scenes know it cost a big pile of money to work the agitation on both sides, and it is an open question which side sailed nearest the wind—whether it was what one side called "Football Little Englanders" or what the other dubbed the "White Slavery" party.

And there are emoluments attaching to office. Therein the Football Parliament is wiser or more foolish—the reader may have the choice—than the people at Westminster; for members of the Council are paid for their attendance and for their travelling—in reference to which unpleasant things have been said about "professional legislators."

It would be unfair to say it is the pay that attracts—it is not exactly princely—but there is often keen competition and sometimes the queerest of candidates get into the field.

A gentleman was thrust forward on one occasion who, up to that time, had never seen the game played. He was a personage of the Newrich type, who had been pitchforked on to a club on his appearance in a certain neighbourhood because of his moneybags, and was now mentioned for the bigger honour preparatory to a further bleeding. He spoiled his chance by solemnly asking during training whether "it was really necessary for the men to train so seriously, as they would have a good rest while the others were in—at least nine of them would!" The enemy got hold of this and it was all over.

SOME M.P.'s ARE VERY IGNORANT.

We do not know that he was worse than "a county representative" who attended one sitting of the English Association Council at which the international teams were mentioned, and who asked who were "this Bloomer and this Needham, about whom so much is said?" and followed this up by asking what they were, whether backs, or half-backs, or forwards!

There are, however, penalties attaching to greatness, and these legislators have to pay it to the full. If they may not bribe, there is a species of blackmail levied on those who really value the post.

It has to be paid in subscriptions to this club and that, and in being taxed for all kinds of objects which come within the four corners of football.

One or two have had to abandon the honour because they could not stand the financial strain; in at least three other cases this end would have come but for the masonry which produced timely "testimonials"; whilst in others the time and worry involved have been too much, there being cases in which members of the council have to travel hundreds of miles in a week, and to deal with subjects which, to quote one experienced hand, "would drive ordinary Parliamentarians off their dot."

THEY HAVE TO WATCH THE REFEREE.

Besides, these legislators have to be responsible in a very real sense whenever they attend matches. If they see doubtful play they are bound to report it; if bad refereeing, they have to take care it comes before the powers that be; if badly-managed grounds, they must insist on a remedy either by their own influence or by calling in the Council.

This part of the legislators' work is least desirable. Yet its fulfilment is being enforced under pain of the loss of his seat. In fact, he may be said to be almost between a certain notorious gentleman and the deep sea. If he does, he loses his supporters; if he does not, supporters are of no avail.

He must not bet, even a cigar, or a pair of gloves, or a "bowler" hat; must not show bias for any club; and must not refuse to endeavour to set any club, or player, or referee, right.

We are very much afraid that with the average legislator the confession of the Litany as to sins of omission and commission is a terrible reality. The wonder is that he does not collapse.

MRS. STRONGMIND: "Why don't you go to work?"

Beggar: "Please, mum, I made a solemn vow, twenty years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till women were paid th' same wages as men."

"EXCUSE me, sir," said the man in the next seat, "but your cigar is burning a hole in your paper."

"That's all right," responded the other, "I'm just burning out the price of those opera cloaks at Suitall's sale. You see, I take this paper home!"

HAROLD: "I'm going round to serenade Miss Jones with a mandolin to-night."

Jerrold: "Didn't know you could play it!"

Harold: "Can't. But while I'm pretending to tune it up, her dad will chase me off the lawn, and that'll make me popular with the girl, anyway."

"SHE felt the strong arm of the law," he said, speaking of a woman who had got into trouble.

"How delightful!" commented the demure young thing.

"What is delightful?" he demanded, in surprise.

"To feel a strong arm," she answered softly.

AN amusing slip was made at a Staffordshire police-court recently during the hearing of a claim by a farm servant against his late employer. The solicitor for the defendant, in the course of an eloquent passage, stated that on one occasion at the farm, when plaintiff absented himself, there were forty cows to be milked, and "it was a case of all hands to the pump."

A WINDY orator in the Australian Parliament, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a drink of water.

"I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order."

Everybody stared, wondering what the point of order was.

"What is it?" asked the speaker.

"I think, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

NAME-HUNTING COMPETITION.

No. I.—Famous Footballers.

Closing Date: Thursday, October 31st.

No. 2 STARTS NEXT WEEK.

A new competition on the same lines as this, but depicting the names of

Actors and Actresses

instead of those of footballers, will start next week. The Prizes will be twice as big as those in the present competition, and will be offered in the following amounts:

1st Prize, £50; 2nd Prize, £20; 3rd Prize, £15; 4th Prize, £10; 5th Prize, £5;

and numerous other prizes.

There will be a big run on the next number of "P.W.," so get your copy as soon as it is published.

Below will be found ten sets of words, each set describing the name of a football player.

Write down in the spaces provided the names of all those players you can discover. If you can't find all, put down as many as you can.

NOTE THESE FACTS. . .

1. Names must be written in ink.
2. Where there are two or more players of the same name, the initials may be indicated in the words describing the name, and should be put on the solution.
3. Only one name is allowed against each set of words.
4. The names are those of Association players.
5. When you have filled up your list, cut it out, and, with the four previous lists, forward it to *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., marking your envelope "FOOTBALL."
6. You may send in as many sets of lists as you like, but each set will be accepted independently.
7. In the event of the prize being divided, only one share will go to each successful competitor, no matter how many duplicate attempts he may send in.

The first prize of £25 will be given to the reader from whom we receive the greatest number of correct solutions. The second prize will be given to the sender of the next most nearly correct solutions, and so on. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be divided at the discretion of the Editor, whose decision is final.

LAST LIST. Cut to edge →

Example:

A Firearm ..... Gunn.....

41. Cunning ..... 41 .....

42. Look at a Dusky Colour..... 42 .....

43. Ah, Gee! Bend your Knee ... 43 .....

44. The Fish Consumed Food ..... 44 .....

45. A Herbaceous Plant ..... 45 .....

46. A Fuel..... 46 .....

47. An Assistant..... 47 .....

48. To Ward off ..... 48 .....

49. Various ..... 49 .....

50. Reed Instrument ..... 50 .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Cut to edge →

In order that competitors may have plenty of room to write their solutions, the coupon should be cut through the margin of the paper to the edge.

All the names depicted will be found in "Football Who's Who," which contains the biographies of nearly a thousand players, and can be obtained for 1s. 2d., post free, from the publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Read the whole of the third column carefully each week, whether you are a competitor or not.

STARTS TO-DAY.

VENGEANCE IS MINE:

I WILL REPAY!

THE MOST POWERFUL STORY OF THE YEAR.

"Heaven help all whom it may concern, Jude Bryce has returned."

Bearing Another's Burden.

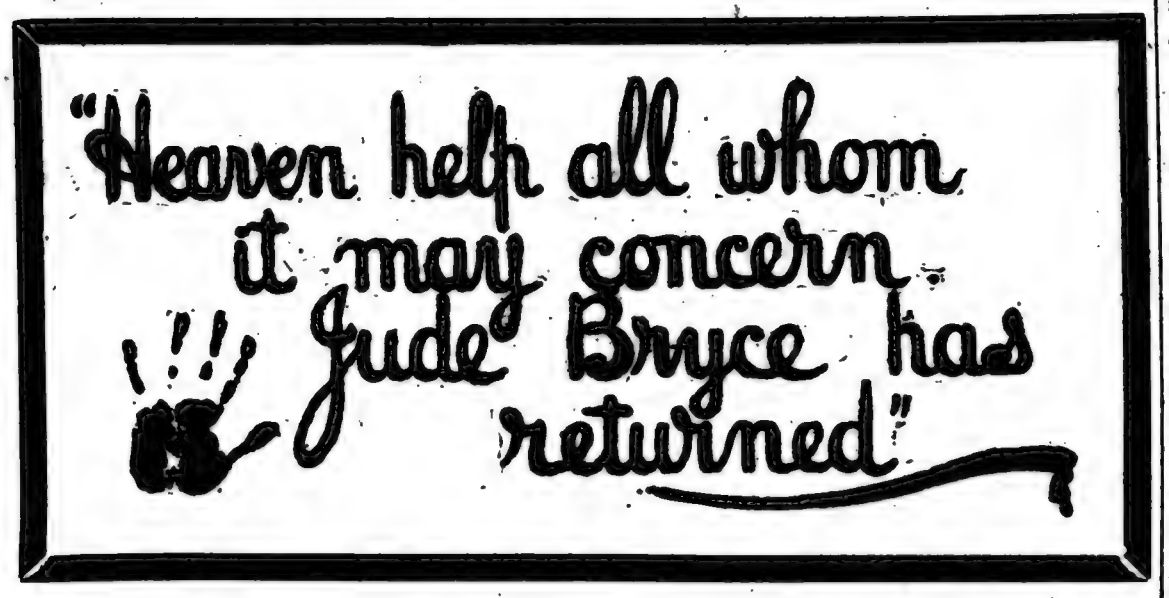
It was morning at Stoke Bassett, and in the dining-room of Quex Woods, the greatest house in the district, Miles Deering sat toying with a meal for which he had no appetite.

By Mr. Deering himself, junior partner in the great London firm of London merchants, Sir Archibald Deering and Co., the meal would have been styled breakfast, though the butler who attended upon him was in a state of nervous anxiety lest the people and guests of the house should come trooping in for lunch before he had time to re-set the table.

There were many things to keep the thoughts of Miles Deering away from the business in hand. Just three weeks ago he had married the sister of his old college friend, John Stirling, and only the night before Eve and he had returned from their brief honeymoon. Yet on that same evening journeying down from town to take part in the festivities organised to welcome home the bridal pair, his old friend had been injured in a railway accident just outside Stoke Bassett Station, fatally, the doctors said. He had been brought to Quex Woods, and now lay upstairs with perhaps a day, perhaps a week, to live. With such things to dwell upon it was little wonder that Miles Deering had little taste for the food before him.

Yet it was not these thoughts that kept him from eating. Far more important matters were flitting through his fevered brain.

"Mr. Pinkerton has come, and is asking to see you, sir,"



It was the butler who spoke. "I've shown him into the library."

"Mr. Pinkerton!"

Miles started and repeated the name, and, oddly enough, the colour was leaving his face.

"Mr. Pinkerton!" he repeated slowly.

Mr. Pinkerton was the head clerk in the office of Messrs. Archibald Deering and Co., of Gracechurch Street, and a visit from him at Quex Woods was a very remarkable and portentous sign, especially when Sir Archibald was in town. And he had left for London early that morning.

"Very well," said the son and heir of the head of the firm, after a pause, addressing the footman. "You can tell Mr. Pinkerton I am coming at once."

He did not go at once, however. He rose from his seat at the table, promptly enough, but instead of going to the door, he went to the window, and stood there for some ten minutes, looking out.

It was a beautiful scene, and the grounds were such as the heir to them had reason to be proud of, but it had been familiar enough to Miles Deering for some twenty-five years past for him to feel no particular need to gaze upon it now at a time when an important person was urgently awaiting him in the library. Yet gaze upon it he did, and as he gazed his features seemed to grow older and more haggard, and his eyes gained a desperate hunted look.

At the end of ten minutes, however, when he crossed the room to the door, he had partly recovered his outward aspect of coolness and perfect ease; and by the time he had reached the door of the library something of colour had returned to his cheeks and something of jaunty assurance to his manner. He opened the door boldly, shut it behind him noisily, and confronted Mr. Pinkerton, his father's and his own head clerk—for he was his father's partner in the great Deering business—with that mixture of easy cordiality and airy patronage with which he was accustomed to greet him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Pinkerton. Sorry to keep you waiting, but I have breakfasted late. We had festivities here last night, you know, and we have not recovered yet. That sort of thing leaves one very limp. Don't you find it so?"

Mr. Pinkerton, a sober-faced man, about fifty years old, with spectacles and a pepper-and-salt beard, had never found festivities sufficiently in his line to trouble him with any after effects, his life having been one hard steady grind; so he did not feel himself qualified to pass an opinion on the subject.

"Sir Archibald Deering has sent me, sir, to——"

"Ah, yes—yes!" Miles interrupted him, with rather exaggerated airiness. "He has sent you early, Mr. Pinkerton."

"Yes, sir. Sir Archibald said I must come down myself, and that you would go back with me by the next train."

"Go back with you?" Miles Deering had started, and had put the question hoarsely; "do you mean go back with you to London?"

Mr. Pinkerton nodded.

"Sir Archibald wishes it, sir. Something very serious has happened and he says he cannot move in the matter until you come. In the meantime, he said that I might inform you of the bare facts of the case. The auditors have discovered a good deal wrong with the books. There are defalcations to the extent of close upon twenty thousand pounds."

"Defalcations!" Miles Deering repeated the ominous word in a tone that indicated the sheerest amazement. "It is astounding! It is perfectly incredible! Are you sure there has been no mistake?"

The clerk shook his head. "Unfortunately, sir, there is no room for any doubt whatever. The books have been examined most carefully and there is no mistake possible, and one of the worst features of the ugly business is that the accounts have been cooked—most ingeniously cooked. Whoever the embezzler is, he has done his work most cleverly. But we had better not waste time in talking, sir. I could give you the details in the train. There is a train at 11.45 which we might catch if you can hurry."

But the young man hesitated.

"I have an important letter or two to write," he said, hastily. "Let me see—when is the next train after that? Twelve-thirty? That will do. We will go by that. Meanwhile you had better make yourself comfortable here, Mr. Pinkerton.

"Yes, sir." The head clerk took off his spectacles and began to polish them again. He was evidently impatient, and disappointed, but the delay had to be endured, and he accepted it resignedly. His employer now pacing his private room in Gracechurch Street in fuming expectancy would know that he, Pinkerton, was not personally responsible for Miles's slowness.

"The morning papers are over on that table there." Miles nodded carelessly towards the other side of the large library.

Then the young man hurried out of the room, crossed the inner hall, hesitated for a moment at the foot of the staircase, and then mounted the stairs and walked with a nervous step along the corridor to the room where John Stirling lay broken and racked with suffering.

As he reached the bedroom door, it was opened from within and Mrs. Stirling, John's step-mother, came out.

"Is Stirling asleep?" Miles asked in a voice whose unsteadiness surprised her.

"No," she answered, "he is awake now."

"Is John alone?"

"He is alone, except for the nurse."

"Thank you. Are you going to see Eve? She's not up yet, poor girl. This trouble has quite upset her."

Even as he spoke to the gentle-faced elderly lady he hated her for the directness with which she looked at him. He was conscious that his face was ashen in its pallor.

As Mrs. Stirling had said, there was no one in the room except John Stirling and his day nurse. The nurse, a quiet, pleasant-faced woman, was moving about softly attending to her duties. The sick man himself lay with closed eyes, and in spite of the urgency of his business, here Miles Deering stopped to draw a sharp breath at sight of the face; it was so drawn, so haggard, so changed from what it had been no longer ago than yesterday morning.

"John!" the visitor uttered the name in a startled voice, "are you better?"

The sick man smiled and feebly put out his hand.

"Only better in so far as I am nearer a better world, Miles. That is the only way in which I shall ever be better now."

The other stared at him. "And yet you look happy—radiantly happy!" he cried, wandering. "You are haggard and pale and altered, of course, but the look in your eyes suggests that you have just come in for a fortune."

"That is not the best thing that could happen to me, or to any other man," rejoined John Stirling, gravely, yet brightly, "there are better things in life than coming in for a fortune, Miles. You, as a newly-married man, ought to know this. Yes, there are many better things—and the best of them all has come to me, although only for a few short hours. But this is my heart's secret. I am not going to tell you any more about it. Let us talk of yourself, as long as I am able to talk; that may not be long because I am in great pain. But you are looking terribly ill, Miles. What is the matter? Has anything gone wrong with you?"

His friend and brother-in-law nodded.

"Yes, everything has gone wrong with me. I am in a terrible difficulty, John—in difficulty and even danger—and I want you to help me—to help me for Eve's sake more even than for mine."

He glanced aside apprehensively at the nurse, who was still moving softly about the room. He had no fear lest she should have overheard his words, for he had spoken them too low for any ear other than John Stirling's to have caught them.

The sick man read the meaning of his sideway glance and called faintly from the bed:

"Nurse! Nurse! will you leave me alone for a few minutes with Mr. Deering? I can assure you that he will look after me."

The pleasant-faced woman in her hospital uniform smiled her assent and softly went away.

John Stirling set his lips tightly and turned his head upon his hot pillow.

"The pain is terrible—terrible!" he said, brokenly. "They are not troubling me with any medicine, because it would be of no use. There is no good in worrying a dying man, that is something to be thankful for."

His brother-in-law bent over him.

"John!" he whispered; "John! listen to me. I've an awful story to tell you. It concerns you nearly as closely as it does me, because I've married your sister, and if I'm shown up she will be ruined, too."

"Shown up? Ruined? The sick man had fixed his eyes upon the eyes of the man who bent over him.

Miles Deering nodded.

"Yes. Listen! My father got a telegram last night which took him up to town early this morning, and half an hour ago Pinkerton came down to say that the auditors have discovered something wrong in the books. There have been defalcations amounting to close upon twenty thousand pounds. There's no hiding the fact that some-

Lefty has embezzled the money, for the accounts have been cooked."

"Miles!" John Stirling made a startled movement, and as the result of it his white face whitened yet more with sudden agony.

Deering went on, still with his face bent low over the tense face of the sufferer on the bed.

"Did you know anything about it, John? Did you suspect it?"

John Stirling looked up sharply then.

"Did I know? Did I suspect anything? Certainly not. Should I have kept silent if I had had any suspicions? Surely, Miles, you know me better than that! Even as it is, I feel that there must be some mistake—that it cannot be. There is not one of all the men who have access to the books whose honour and honesty I could not vouch for as for my own."

"Not so, John. You are wrong. You can't answer for other men. You would have vouched for me, but you would have been wrong. For I did it—I—"

"You."

"Yes, I. I'd got into difficulties over the Stock Exchange, and I needed money; and the governor wouldn't give it to me, so I took it—fifty at a time at first, then a hundred, and then five and six hundred at a time, until I'd got the whole lot nearer twenty thousand than nineteen. I cooked the accounts so carefully that I never thought the deficit would be found out; but they found it out somehow, and I'm in a tight corner. They've no idea that it is I, yet; my father has sent old Pinkerton down to fetch me so that I may go up and help him find out who it is that's done the mischief. They don't suspect me yet, but it'll be different by and by when they begin to make thorough investigations—and especially when the matter gets into the hands of the police. They'll find out soon enough then who the thief is."

"My God!" gasped John Stirling. "You! You! And you have married Eve!"

His hands, that had been clenched with pain, now remained clenched with despair.

"Miles, it's not true. You must be ill and this is some wild imagining of your brain, or you must be going mad. I could sooner believe this—that you have lost your reason—than that you had committed this crime. I would rather believe it, yes, a thousand times!"

Miles Deering laughed a short bitter laugh.

"It's no good you're deluding yourself, John. I've done the ugly job, and the only question now is, how am I to get out of it? In the ordinary course of things, I'm safe to be found out—as safe as if I had been caught in the act; and discovery will mean ruin to me, and, through me, to my wife and my own family."

"Ah!" A new horror had crept into John Stirling's soul; the horror of the shadow that would fall upon Lena Deering, the sister of Miles and the woman he had secretly loved for years, when her brother's guilt should be exposed. The shadow of reflected disgrace would be dark upon her, as well as upon his own sister Eve, Miles's new-made wife. Miles himself was speaking again.

"There is only one way in which I can be saved, and, with me, my wife—only one way."

"What is that way?" The sick man spoke quickly and eagerly.

"It is this, John." Miles took one of his brother-in-law's clenched hands in his, and gripped it desperately. "It is this, John—that you take my guilt upon yourself. No, no; don't start! Keep still and listen to me. You are a doomed man. I need not mince matters about that, for you yourself have just told me so. You are a doomed man. You must die, and almost at once—perhaps this very night—while I may live to be an old man of eighty. You cannot be punished, even if you were guilty of murder. You could not now be called upon to pay any earthly penalty. You cannot suffer at all, while you can save me—me, your friend, the son of the man who has been a second father to you, and the husband of your sister."

"Miles!"

"Look here, John! Do you remember the days when we were at college together? Do you remember what chums we were, and how one day you said to a fellow who told some nasty lie about me that you were prepared to defend my honour as firmly as your own? Do you remember that, John? Well, now you've got a chance to defend my honour. You've only got to scrawl a few words on a scrap of paper and the thing will be done. You'll have saved me and Eve and my father's name, and my mother's happiness and Lena's pride. I believe you love Lena. Think of what it would mean to her—to her happiness and her future—if I were publicly exposed as a thief! Think of it, John."

"My God!" came once more from the lips of the man who lay racked with suffering.

Miles bent lower over him.

"Will you do it, John?" he panted. "Will you do it and save me? It won't matter to you. You're going to die. And if God sees these things, as we are told He does, He'll count this to your credit in the next world. What do you say? Your honour? Oh, I'll make that right in my father's eyes and Eve's and Len's by-and-bye! They shall know what you did and honour you for your sacrifice. It's only from the world that I want to hide the truth. What's your answer? Will you do it and save me?"

There was a silence that seemed to last an hour to the guilty man who waited anxiously to hear it broken.

And then the answer came faintly and agonisedly from the helpless man on the bed.

"Yes."

Miles Deering drew a deep breath of unutterable relief. He felt in his pockets and presently produced a piece of paper and a pencil.

"You must write it," he said hoarsely. "Can you do it? Can you use your hand to write?"

"Yes; only put the paper on something hard.

The guilty man fetched a book and held the paper steadily upon it, while the innocent man strove to write. After a moment John Stirling gave up the attempt.

"I can't do it," he said despairingly, at last. "I can't do it."

With an inward oath Miles took the pencil from him.

"I'll write it and you can sign it," he said sharply.

Then after a moment: "No! Perhaps I'd better call the nurse," and he rang the bell. Promptly she appeared and Miles motioned her to a seat.

"Mr. Stirling desires to make a statement," he said. "Will you sit by him and write what he dictates?"

She seated herself with pencil and paper before her, and then slowly John Stirling spoke these words:

"I, John Stirling, do hereby confess that I, and I alone, am guilty of the embezzlement of over nineteen thousand pounds of money belonging to the firm of Archibald Deering and Company, in which firm I hold and have held a position of confidence.

"Now you must manage to sign it," said Miles, handing him the paper. "Just write your name. You must do it. You must force yourself to do it. Only two words — two little words — John Stirling—ah!"

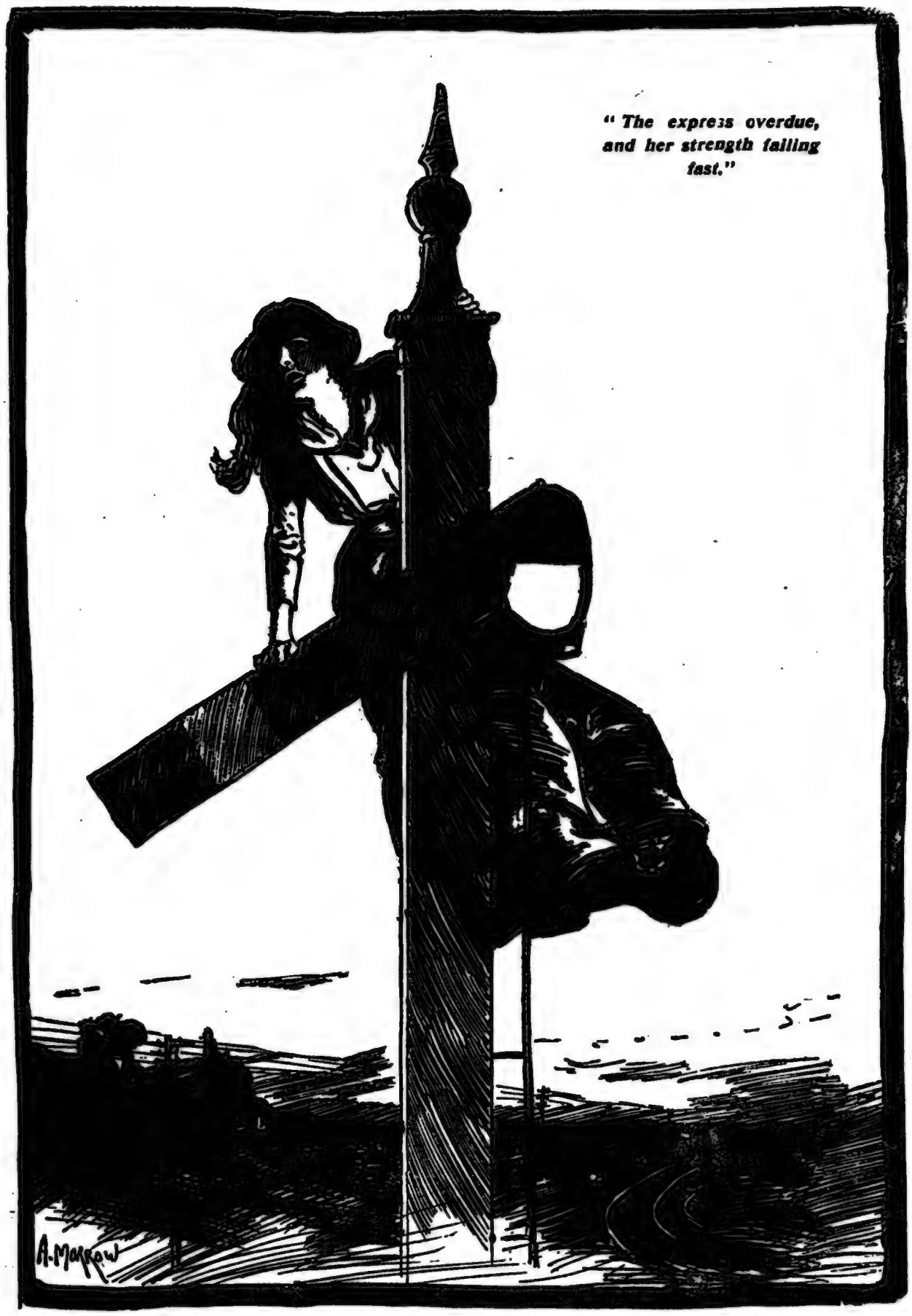
By the sheer driving force of iron will, the sick man's shaking fingers had traced with the pencil the letters of the name "John Stirling," and the man whom he had saved snatched the paper back.

"Now the nurse will witness it," he said, and the unsuspecting woman added her signature—Ailsa Perl.

"All's well, John," said Miles.

But John Stirling had fainted.

[*The foregoing is only one chapter from the most powerful story of modern times. The continuation and remarkable sequel will be found in* ANSWERS, *obtainable everywhere on and after Tuesday, October 22nd.*]



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"Point Cottage, Tollcross, Glasgow.

"I have used Guy's Tonic in my family for "Stomach Troubles and Liver Complications, and its "effect has been such that I never fail to recommend "it in these cases. It is by far the best Tonic I "have tried. "Rev. Jackson Harding."

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No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. With large single cuff, 2/6 each, 14/6 half-dozen. Post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front, 3/3 each, 18/9 half-dozen. Post free.

No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuff, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, 2/9, or 21/6 per half-dozen.

Colonial Postage (except Rhodesia) 3/6 per half-dozen extra.

When ordering, mention size of Neck-band, and say if to button back or front.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, OR MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS,

(F Dept.), **Manufacturers, 191 Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.**

This shows the Cuff the first day.

This shows the simplicity of our Reversible Shirt.

Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned

WIRE OR WRITE

JOHN NOBLE Ltd.

For any of the under-mentioned Novelties for Ladies and Children. The J.N. Costumes and Mantle... every part of the known world, and Ladies in all grades of Society testify to their unequalled... wearing qualities. The New Models for Autumn and Winter are the outcome of unrivalled experience over more than a Quarter of a Century, and cannot fail to please.

The Stock Sizes of Ladies' Costumes fit figures 34, 36, 38in. round bust (under arms), and 24, 26, 28in. round the waist, the skirts being 38, 40, and 42in. long in front.

Larger or Special Sizes up to 40in. bust measure cost 2/- extra.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 811. From 9/11.

Costume Skirt, with three shaped frills, top one headed with good braid. Unlined.

In **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating** 9/11
" "Milner" Vicuna Cloth 11/9
" "Melbourne" Costume Cloth 15/8
Carriage 5d. Lined through, 2/6 extra.

Two International Fabrics.

THE **J.N. CHEVIOT SERGE & COSTUME COATING**

are worn in every Country in the World, and are regarded by thousands of delighted wearers as the most remarkable value ever offered.

Despite the numerous imitations which the success of these two notable fabrics has called forth, they still maintain their absolute supremacy.

The **Cheviot Serge** is the heavier fabric, whilst the **Costume Coating** shows a smooth Vicuna finish. 58ins. wide, price only **1/3** the yard. Or the Full Dress Length, of 6 yards for **7/6**. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

Model 698. From 10/6.

Lady's very fashionable **Costume Skirt**, lined throughout, and made with beautifully-shaped flounce, trimmed 8 rows of corded tucks. Inverted plaits at back, and perfect fitting round hips.

In **J.N. Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating** 10/6
" Good Vicuna Coating 13/-
" Good Wool Serge 13/6
" Fine Costume Cloth 16/9
" Fine Poplin Dress Fabric ... 17/-
Carriage 5d. extra on each skirt.

Model 802.
Made in the New Vicuna Cloth, tailor-cut and well made through... Collar and cuffs handsomely braided; as sketch. In Black or Navy only. Price 15/- Carriage 6d. extra. In Wool Serge, lined throughout. Price **30/-**.

Model 800.
Smart Coat and Skirt, consisting of full, well-cut skirt, and a tailor-cut coat, perfect fitting, fastens with three buttons. Made in the **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating.** **10/6**
Price 10/6; carr. 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carr. 5d. Also in good Wool Serge, lined through, 21/-. Special measure sizes, 23/6.

Smart A...
John Noble C... Coating. P... and has inse... lace and sma... ribbon velvet. Price, 15-... extra. Also... through. P...

Model 803.
An exceptionally well-made Reefer Coat with fitting back smartly cut in good wearing Cloth of Fawn or Black. Velvet Collar and neat buttons. Price only **8/6**; carriage 6d.
Jackets larger than 38in. bust cost 2/6 extra.

Model 802.
Lady's Mantle, in good wearing cloth, front and bottom of Mantle trimmed with rows of braid, collar edged Fur. Length, 29in. Black only. Price **10/6**; carriage 6d. extra. **10/6**

Mourning Orders
received by first post, addressed "Funeral Department," and enclosing 5/- extra for same, guaranteed to be sent off same night.

Model 562.
Young Lady's Dress, made in the **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating**; skirt made with... flounce, trimmed five rows of good black braid; bodice... through, fastened down... and prettily trimmed braid... buttons.
Sizes and prices—
... 30
10/6 ... 11/3
... 34 ... 36
13/6 ... 14/9
Carriage 6d. extra.

Model 804.
The Inverness Cloak, in Reversible Tweeds with detachable hood. Length 36 inches. **26/6**
Colours—Grey, Brown, or Red Mixtures. Price 26/6.

Model 813.
Black Silk Merveilleux Blouse, as sketch, with finely tucked back, front, sleeves, collar, and cuffs. Price 11/6. Carriage 4d. **11/6**

Model 829. From 4/9.

Girl's Dressy Little Frock, loose from yoke, lined throughout, and trimmed on collars and cuffs with cream insertion lace. Made in All-Wool Cashmere, fine Wool Serges, or Nuns' Veiling at the following prices:—

Colours: Black, Navy, Crimson, Old Rose, Heliotrope, Sky, or Cream.

Lengths and prices.

21	24	27	30	33	36ins.
4/9	5/9	6/9	7/9	8/9	9/9

Lengths stated are from top of neck-band to edge of skirt in front. Carriage 4d. extra.

The Knockabout Frock, made with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket, in **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating.**

Sizes and Prices:

21	24	27	30	33	36ins.
1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6	4/- each

30	42	45ins.
4/6	5/-	5/6 each.

Carriage 4d. extra.

Made in **Che... Coating**, ... plain Skirt ... with Sailor ... braided. Price ... 6d. Skirt ... in Good Wo... price **21/-**.

Young Lady's ... tume, consisti... Coat with ... good fitting ... JOHN NOBLE ... COATING. Len... 36 ... 9 ... Also, made in ... Check, strong, ... Navy. ... Prices 12/6 13/6 ... Length ... skirt in front. Car...

Boy's Reefer Overcoat.

Boy's Reefer Overcoats, as sketch, in Blue Nap, also in Blue, light and dark Grey Serge. To fit boys 2½ to 8 years, **5/6**. **5/6**

Boy's Reefer Overcoat in superior quality Blue Nap and Serge. To fit Boys 2½ to 6 years, **8/6**; carriage 6d. extra.

Model 824.
Consists of smart Reefer Coat, well lined throughout, and a full frock with kilted skirt and plain bodice, making a complete indoor and outdoor Costume. Colours: Navy or Black only. In Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Lengths and Prices:

21	24	27	30	33	36 inches.
9/6	10/6	11/6	12/6	14/-	15/6 each.

Also in good All-wool Serge.

21	24	27	30	33	36 inches.
11/6	12/6	13/6	14/6	16/-	17/6 each.

Carriage 7d. extra. Man o' War Cap, as sketch, in Navy, Black, or Cream, 1/6; carriage 2d.

Kindly mention 'Pearson's Weekly' when writing to—

JOHN NOBLE LTD. 34 BROOK STREET MILL MANCHESTER

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LO...

Sluggish Liver.

What the Stomach cannot do for us when out of order, the Liver tries to set right. Within limits it can and does do this.

But if too much overworked the Liver strikes, upsets its own functions, and we feel the Disorder in every painful way possible.

The Usual Symptoms of Sluggish or Disordered Liver are Constipation, Coated Tongue, Biliousness, and Nausea, particularly on rising in the morning. Severe frontal Headache, pain between the Shoulders, and feelings of faintness. The Appetite is poor, or altogether lost. The Temper is irritable, and there is often Palpitation, Sleeplessness, and Weakness, with Nervousness and Low Spirits, verging on Melancholy.

Guy's Tonic has a stimulative power on a Sluggish Liver, and exerts a Tonic and corrective influence in all cases of Disordered Liver.

And while providing for present benefit, Guy's Tonic ensures more lasting good by so strengthening and invigorating the Stomach and its Digestive powers, that the Liver is relieved of the overwork that is probably the cause of all the trouble.

"By Far the Best Tonic."

"Point Cottage, Tolleross, Glasgow.

"I have used Guy's Tonic in my family for "Stomach Troubles and Liver Complications, and its "effect has been such that I never fail to recommend "it in these cases. It is by far the best Tonic I "have tried. "Rev. Jackson Harding."

"Feels a Different Man."

Mr. G. Quartermaine, of Upton Pinton, near Aylesbury, Bucks, writes:—

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the "efficacy of Guy's Tonic. I have found nothing to "suit me so well for Liver Complaint. I feel a "different man since I began to take Guy's Tonic."

Guy's Tonic is an unfailing Remedy for Indigestion, Sluggish Liver, and Nervous Ailments, and for all those acute sufferings brought about by these disorders, such as Pain after Eating, Flatulence, Nausea or Sickness, Biliousness, Poor Blood and the consequent Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, and General Debility. For Depression of Spirits, Headaches, Disturbed Sleep, Dizziness, Neuralgic Pains, and other Nervous symptoms, it has no equal. Guy's Tonic is a British preparation of purely Vegetable origin. It is the result of many years' observation and painstaking study on the part of an eminent London Physician, and its use is invariably followed by most beneficial results. You cannot do better than try Guy's Tonic, because there is no other Tonic-Digestive medicine so universally successful in practice.

You cannot get the best results from Guy's Tonic if your Bowels are Constipated. Take just enough of Guy's Fruit Pills each night to cause one free movement of the Bowels the following day. A Sample box of Guy's Fruit Pills will be sent free and post paid on application to Guy's Tonic Company, 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. Write to-day a post-card will do.

Guy's Tonic is confidently recommended for Indigestion, Sluggish Liver and Nervousness. It is also of invaluable service when, without any specific ailments, the System is "low" and the General Health run down.

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of Vegetable Origin. It is employed with excellent results in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. A Six Ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 2s. 1½d., is on sale at all Chemists and Stores.

From Brain to Keyboard

MACDONALD SMITH'S "System of Perfect Touch and Technique"

Old False Teeth Bought.

Many people have by them discarded false teeth [illegible] R. D. & J. B. Fitz [illegible] Pounds [illegible] Dentists [illegible] Post Free [illegible]

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING, AND

YOU WILL MAKE MONEY

IF YOU READ EVERY WORD OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

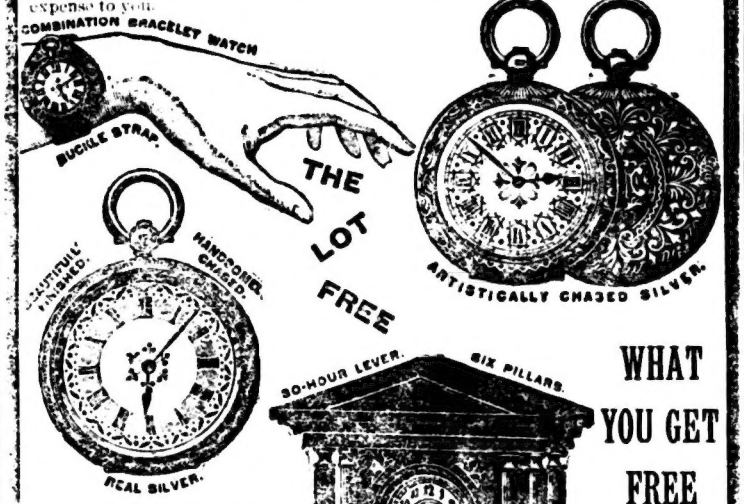
WE are the Original and Genuine Premium Firm. Our novel scheme has attracted over 500,000 persons to write to us, and prove our genuine dealings, and to these people we have distributed many thousands of real silver watches, hall-marked by Swiss Government, which we give **Absolutely Free.** The Watches are carefully tested, and keep correct time; they have been valued by our customers at £2 10s. and more. We advise all industrious men and women, boys and girls alike, to write to us, and gain our handsome presents **Free.**

NO MONEY REQUIRED! WE TRUST YOU!

Remember, we do not ask you to part with one penny of your money. We want agents to sell our jewellery (which we send you free), and we will give you

Handsome Presents and Cash Prizes FREE.

We simply ask you to sign the form at the bottom of this advt. and send to us, or copy all out on a postcard and post to us, when we will immediately forward to you our parcel of Nine articles of Jewellery **Free,** which we ask you to sell for us at **1/6** each, and when we receive from you the 13/6 you have obtained by the sale of same we will dispatch to you by return our **Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant** or our handsome real imitation **Marble Clock,** without any expense to you.



For selling Nine articles of jewellery we give you a **real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or our real imitation **Marble Clock,** Lady's Bracelet, with Watch as illustrated, or other present you may choose. **For selling Seven articles** we give you a **Lady's or Gent's Watch** without Chain and Pendant, or a real imitation Marble Clock without pillars, but with lion head ornaments. **For selling Five articles** you can have **free** a set of Steel Carvers or an E. P. Silver Cruet, or an Alarm Clock. We give you a Globe Timekeeper **for selling Three articles,** or a serviceable Fountain Pen with gold colour nib, &c., &c. Please understand there is no risk whatever in taking these goods. We trust you absolutely, and it costs you nothing to try. Thousands of letters have been received from delighted customers.

WHAT TO DO.

Fill in your Name and Address (in full) on this Form, or, if you prefer, copy the Form out on a Postcard, sign it, and post to us.

GOODS COUPON.

THE BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE.
(DEPT. 100), 282, CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,—Please send me your parcel containing Nine articles of Jewellery, price 1/6 each, which I will do my best to sell for you. When I have sold them, and you have received the 13/6 obtained by the sale of them, it is understood that you will send me **absolutely free a Lady's or Gent's Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or **any other present** I may choose from your list.

Should I fail to sell all your Jewellery, I hereby agree to return those unsold, along with the money for any sold, within four weeks from date, when you will send me a present according to quantity sold.

Name (in full).....

Address (in full).....

When writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE (Dept. 100), 282, Central Chambers, Glasgow.

TO THE DEAF.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Address: **H. CLIFTON, 33 Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C**

WHITE SHIRTS FITTED WITH OUR REVERSIBLE CUFFS

(See Numbers 2 and 3 described below).

WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY SHIRTS.

Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time, they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World. **UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS** straight from the needle to the Customer at Wholesale Prices. **IN THREE QUALITIES:**

No. 1. "THE DEFIANCE." Pure Linen cuffs and fronts. With large single cuff, 2 6 each, 14 6 half-dozen. Post free.

No. 2. "THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front, 3 3 each, 18 9 half-dozen. Post free.

No. 3. "THE CITY SHIRT." For a duke to wear. Reversible cuff, and to button back or front. Sent by post, 3 9, or 21 6 per half-dozen.

Collar Patterns sent for 3 6 [illegible]

Write for [illegible]

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED.

PATTERSON & STEPHENS,

Shirt Manufacturers, 191 Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.

Tools

J. G. Graves' 2-0[illegible] of Joiners' Tools

28in. Swaged and B[illegible]
12in. Tenon Saw, B[illegible]
Plane, 2¼in. Steel[illegible]
Pattern Brace and S[illegible]
Bevelled 2ft. R[illegible]
Firmer Chisels, C[illegible]
wood Plated Sq[illegible]
Awl, Spokeshave, [illegible]
3 Bradawls, M[illegible]
Glue Pot and Br[illegible]

TERMS. Send 5s. [illegible] the Tools will be [illegible] fied, the balance [illegible] monthly payments [illegible] 2s.; or, if you pre[illegible] 37s., in one sum [illegible] delivery you will [illegible] Useful and Va[illegible] **Cash Discount** Bonus [illegible]

If you are [illegible] send them [illegible] promptly [illegible] in full.

Illustrated Too[illegible] all trades to any address.

Agents Wanted [illegible] employment [illegible] tomers should [illegible]

J. G. GRAVES

23 Division S[illegible] SHEFFIELD

The Only Se[illegible] **DEVONS[illegible]**
Really [illegible] Ins. 24
Mrs. CONYERS [illegible]

A TELLING ARGUMENT!

In favour of DIRE[illegible] pared w[illegible] metho[illegible] leavin[illegible]

SEND A PO[illegible]

H. SAMUEL

[illegible] Sp[illegible] & [illegible] of post[illegible] value [illegible]

FREE GIFTS TO PURCHASERS.

Lady's Gold Horseshoe Bracelet very choice pattern, 10 6 Assorted designs

COUNTLESS BARGAINS in Diamonds, [illegible] Silver Ware [illegible] to-day for [illegible]

WORTH [illegible] ITS [illegible] SHILLINGS

H. SAMUEL[illegible]

WIRE OR WRITE!

JOHN NOBLE Ltd.

For any of the under-mentioned Novelties for Ladies and Children. The J.N. Costumes and Mantles are worn in every part of the known world, and Ladies in all grades of Society testify to their unequalled value and good-wearing qualities. The New Models for Autumn and Winter are the outcome of unrivalled experience extending over more than a Quarter of a Century, and cannot fail to please.

The Stock Sizes of Ladies' Costumes fit figures 34, 36, 38in. round bust (under arms), and 24, 26, 28in. round the waist, the skirts being 38, 40, and 42in. long in front.

Larger or Special Sizes up to 40in. bust measure cost 2/- extra.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 811. From 9/11.

Costume Skirt, with three shaped frills, top one headed with good braid. Unlined.

In **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating** 9/11
" "Milner" Vicuna Cloth 11/6
" "Melbourne" Costume Cloth 15/6
Carriage 5d. Lined through, 2/6 extra.

Model 800.

Smart Coat and Skirt, consisting of full, well-cut skirt, and a tailor-cut coat, perfect fitting, fastens with three buttons. Made in the **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating.** **10/6**
Price 10/6; carr. 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carr. 5d. Also in good Wool Serge, lined through, 21/-. Special measure sizes, 23/6.

Two International Fabrics.

THE **J.N. CHEVIOT SERGE & COSTUME COATING**

are worn in every Country in the World, and are regarded by thousands of delighted wearers as the most remarkable value ever offered.

Despite the numerous imitations which the success of these two notable fabrics has called forth, they still maintain their absolute supremacy.

The **Cheviot Serge** is the heavier fabric, whilst the **Costume Coating** shows a smooth Vicuna finish. 58ins. wide, price only 1/3 the yard. Or the Full Dress Length of 6 yards for **7/6.** Colours—Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue. **1/3**

Model 801.

Smart Autumn Dress, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Bodice is well lined through, and has inserted vest of cream lace and smart revers, trimmed ribbon velvet. Skirt plain and full. Price, **15/-** complete; carriage 6d. extra. Also in Good Wool Serge, lined through. Price **30/-**.

Model 805.

An exceptionally well-made Reefer Coat with fitting back smartly cut in good wearing Cloth of Fawn or Black, Velvet Collar and neat buttons. Price only **8/6**; carriage 6d. **8/6**

Jackets larger than 38in. bust cost **2/6** extra.

Model 802.

Made in the New Vicuna Cloth, lined and well made through ... Collar and cuffs handsomely braided; as sketch. In Black or Navy only. Price 15/- Carriage 6d. extra. Also in Good Wool Serge, lined through. Price **30/-**. **15/-**

Model 8804.

The Inverness Cloak, in Reversible Tweeds with detachable hood. Length 36 inches. Colours—Grey, Brown, or Red Mixtures. Price **26/6.** **26/6**

Model 813.

Black Silk Merveilleux Blouse, as sketch, with finely tucked back, front, sleeves, collar, and cuffs. Price **11/6.** Carriage 4d. **11/6**

Model 862.

Young Lady's **Dress**, made in the **John Noble Cheviot Serge** or **Costume Coating**; skirt made with double flounce, trimmed five rows of good black braid; bodice ... through, fastened down ... and prettily trimmed braid buttons.

Lengths and prices—

36	38	40	
10/6	11/3		
42	44	46	50
13/6			14/9

Carriage 6d. extra.

Model 884.

Consists of smart Reefer Coat, well lined through, and a full frock with kilted skirt and plain bodice, making a complete indoor and outdoor Costume. Colours: Navy or Black only. In Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Lengths and Prices:

31	34	37	39	33	35 inches.
9/6	10/6	11/6	12/6	14/-	15/6 each.

Also in good All-wool Serge.

31	34	37	39	33	35 inches.
11/6	12/6	13/6	14/6	16/-	17/6 each.

Carriage 7d. extra. Man o' War Cap, as sketch, in Navy, Black, or Cream, 1/6; carriage 2d.

BOY'S REEFER OVERCOAT.

Boy's Reefer Overcoats, as sketch, in Blue Nap, also in Blue, light and dark Grey Serge. To fit boys 2½ to 8 years, **5/6.** **5/6**

Boy's Reefer Overcoat in superior quality Blue Nap and Serge. To fit Boys 2½ to 6 years, **8/6**; carriage 6d. extra.

Model 829. From 4/9.

Girl's Dressy Little Frock, loose from yoke, lined throughout, and trimmed on collars and cuffs with cream insertion lace. Made in All-Wool Cashmere, fine Wool Serges, or Nuns' Veiling at the following prices:—

Colours: Black, Navy, Crimson, Old Rose, Heliotrope, Sky, or Cream.

Lengths and prices.

21	24	27	30	33	36ins.
4/9	5/9	6/9	7/9	8/9	9/9

Lengths stated are from top of neck-band to edge of skirt in front. Carriage 4d. extra.

Kindly mention 'Pearson's Weekly' when writing to—

Model 803.

The Knockabout Frock, made with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket, in **John Noble Cheviot Serge** or **Costume Coating.**

Sizes and Prices:

21	24	27	30	33	36ins.
1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6	4/- each
39	42	45ins.			
4/6	5/-	5/6 each.			

Carriage 4d. extra.

Model 882.

Lady's Mantle, in good wearing cloth, front and bottom of Mantle trimmed with rows of braid, collar edged Fur. Length, 29in. Black only. Price **10/6**; carriage 6d. extra. **10/6**

Model 830.

Made in **Cheviot Serge** or **Costume Coating**, saddle and sleeves lined. Full plain Skirt and neat well-cut Bodice, with Sailor Collar, prettily braided. Price **10/6.** Carriage 6d. Skirt alone **5/6.** Carriage 5d. Also in Good Wool Serge, lined through, price **21/.** **10/6**

Model 497.

Young Ladies' Coat and Skirt Costume, consisting of a well-cut FROM Coat with Sacque back, and good fitting skirt. Made in the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE or COSTUME COATING. Lengths and prices:

36	39	42	36	ins.
9/-	9/6	10/-	10/6	10/6 each.

Also, made in a very special line of Frieze Cloth, strong, durable, and warm. Black or Navy.

Prices **12/6** 13/6 14/6 15/6 16/6 each.

Lengths stated are from top of band to edge of skirt in front. Carriage 6d. **9/-**

MOURNING ORDERS

Received by first post, addressed "Funeral Department," and enclosing 1/- extra per, are guaranteed to be sent ... same night.

JOHN NOBLE Ltd. 34 BROOK STREET MILLS MANCHESTER.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.

THE LEADING LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

Design No. 3762. 12/6.—The Famous Sacque Back Coat and Skirt Costume. Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s Specialite Serge or Venetian Cloth, in Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Royal Blue, Grey, Fawn, and Cardinal. The Coat is three-quarter length and has a velvet collar. The Skirt is full and well made, and has the fashionable flounce, which is lined linenette. Exceptional Value for 12/6: car. paid, 6d. extra. Skirt by itself will be 6/6; car., 6d. extra.

Write for New Winter Catalogue of Bargains.

Design No. 1062. 10/6.

Design No. 1062. 10/6. The Latest in Costume Skirts trimmed with the New Cording in stylish zig-zag design—the band of satin at top of flounce is nicely stitched. This attractive skirt is made in the Venetian Cloth or Specialite Serge. Colours: Black, Navy, Royal, Green, Oxford, Fawn, Brown, Purple, Light or Dark Grey (patterns post free). The Skirt has a 15 inch flounce, and is lined throughout with good linenette. Price only 10/6, carriage 3d. extra.

Design No. 1300. 10/6. The Fashionable Three-Quarter Jacket for Winter Wear. Thirty inches long, made in good "Alpaca" Beaver Cloth. Colours: Fawn, Black, or Blue. This Jacket has a very stylish collar and large lapels, which are trimmed with

rows of tailor stitching. Pearl buttons. Double breasted. This model can be had cut to Measure. Price only 10/6; carriage paid, 6d. extra. This Jacket may be ordered single-breasted, if preferred.

Fur Necklettes in Black or Sable, 1/6 and 2/11; Opossum, 3/6; Thibet, 3/11 and 7/6; Mufflon, 6/11; Jap Mink, 6/11; Marmot 5/6. Car. 3d. extra. Special line in Fur Muffs, Black or Sable, 3/11; car. 3d.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers,
47 Golden Lane, Barbican, LONDON, E.C.

The Quaker Figure, in a white panel like this on the front of every packet.

ONE NEVER FINDS black specks, hulls, dust, and dirt in Quaker Oats. It never has "that bitter, oily taste." It cooks easily; is delicious, healthful, and economical. All this is the result of the superior grain from which it is prepared, and the perfect process by which it is manufactured. The most delicious breakfast and supper dish in the world. Millions of breakfast and supper every day.

Quaker Oats

At all Grocers, in 1-lb. and 2-lb. Packets Only.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

HOLBROOK'S CUSTARD POWDER

Makes a Delicious Custard at a nominal cost?

AND THAT

HOLBROOK'S JELLY POWDER

Produces a brilliant Jelly in 5 minutes?

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments

In Boxes 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1½d. BOX CONTAINS 56 PILLS.

The Sale is Now Six Million Boxes Yearly.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—
THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.
Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

27
YEARS' SUCCESS
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